

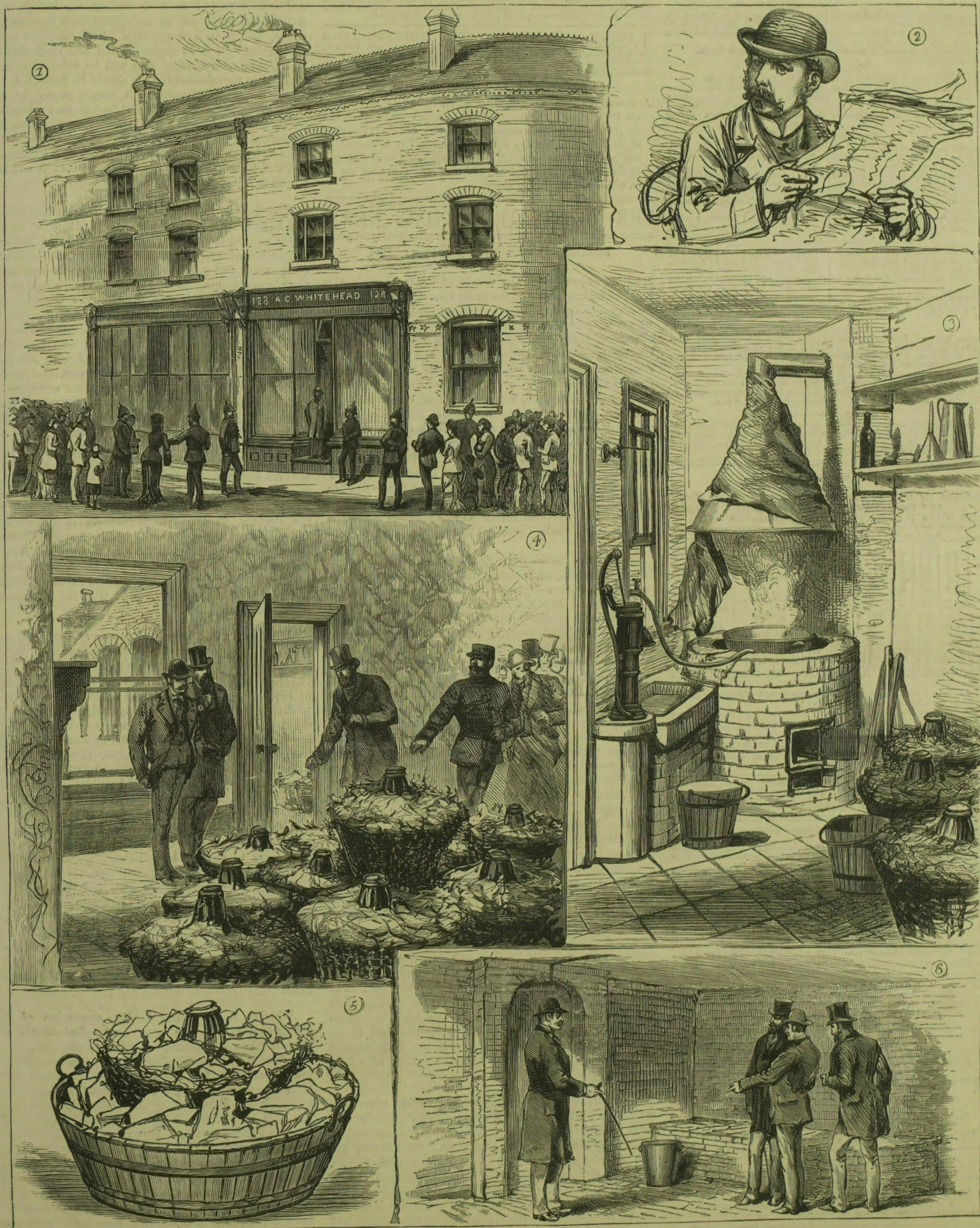
# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST-OFFICE FOR TRANSMISSION ABROAD.

No. 2295.—VOL. LXXXII.

SATURDAY, APRIL 14, 1883.

WITH TWO SUPPLEMENTS } SIXPENCE.  
By Post, 6d.



1. House and Shop occupied by Whitehead.  
4. Kitchen behind the Shop.

2. Detective-Sergeant Richard Price.  
5. Carboy containing 170lb. of Nitro-Glycerine.

3. The Scullery, used as a Laboratory.  
6. Vat containing explosive liquid discovered in the cellar.

THE FENIAN DYNAMITE PLOT IN ENGLAND: THE SECRET FACTORY OF NITRO-GLYCERINE IN LEDSAM-STREET, BIRMINGHAM.



## MARRIAGE.

On the 7th inst., at St. John's, East Dulwich, by the Rev. T. Acton Warburton, D.C.L., Vicar, Tom Jeffery Keeping, of 150, Strand, solicitor, to Eveline Elizabeth, younger daughter of the late Richard Ronald Reid and Mrs. Emily Reid, of 170, Peckham-rye, Surrey.

## DEATH.

On the 7th inst., Hannah Nield, the beloved wife of John Shaw, Botham Hall, Huddersfield, aged 59 years.

\*. The charge for the insertion of Births, Marriages, and Deaths, is Five Shillings for each announcement.

## CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK ENDING APRIL 21.

**SUNDAY, APRIL 15.**  
Third Sunday after Easter.  
Morning Lessons: Num. xxii.; Luke xii. 35. Evening Lessons: Num. xxiii. or xxiv.; Gal. v. 13. St. Paul's Cathedral, 10.30 a.m. 3.15, Rev. Canon Liddon; 7 p.m. St. James's, noon.

**MONDAY, APRIL 16.**  
Asiatic Society, 4 p.m.  
Assault at Arms, Albert Hall, for the Egyptian War Fund.  
Society of Arts, Cantor Lecture, 8 p.m., Mr. G. H. Birch on the Decorative Treatment of Metal in Architecture.

**TUESDAY, APRIL 17.**  
Royal Institution, 3 p.m., Professor McKendrick on Physiological Discovery.  
Civil Engineers' Institution, 8 p.m., discussion on Mr. O'Meara's paper.

**WEDNESDAY, APRIL 18.**  
Bankers' Institute, 6 p.m.  
Hospital for Incurables, annual dinner, Albion Tavern.  
National Hospital for Consumption, Dinner at Willis's Rooms—Duke of Albany in the chair.  
British Archaeological Association, 8 p.m.  
Meteorological Society, 7 p.m.  
Analysts' Society, 8 p.m.

**THURSDAY, APRIL 19.**  
Royal Institution, 3 p.m., Dr. Waldstein on the Art of Pheidias.  
Royal Society, 4.30 p.m.  
Society of Antiquaries, 8.30 p.m.  
Numismatic Society, 7 p.m.  
Historical Society, 8 p.m.  
Chemical Society, 8 p.m., paper by L. T. Thorne.

**FRIDAY, APRIL 20.**  
Charles, King of Roumania, born, 1839; accession, 1866.  
Royal Institution, 8 p.m., Professor Bayley Balfour on the Island of Socotra and its Recent Revelations.  
Society of Arts, 8 p.m., Surgeon-General Francis Day on the Fisheries of India.

**SATURDAY, APRIL 21.**  
Laying of Foundation-stone of Royal Savoy Schools by H.R.H. the Duchess of Albany.  
Royal Institution, 3 p.m., Professor A.

## THE WEATHER.

RESULTS OF METEOROLOGICAL OBSERVATIONS AT THE KEW OBSERVATORY OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY.  
Lat. 51° 28' 6" N.; Long. 0° 18' 47" W. Height above Sea, 34 feet.

DAY.	DAILY MEANS OF					THERMOM.		WIND.		General Direction.	Miles.	In.
	Barometer Corrected.	Temperature of the Air.	Dew Point.	Relative Humidity.	Amount of Cloud.	Maximum, read at 10 p.m.	Minimum, read at 10 a.m.	Direction.	Force.			
April 14	30.255	42.3	31.8	69	3	55.3	30.0	S. S.E.	176	0.000		
15	30.087	48.3	39.9	75	4	62.8	52.3	S. S.E.	199	0.000		
16	30.187	51.1	43.8	78	4	63.8	37.4	S.S.E. W.N.W.	97	0.000		
17	30.200	50.8	45.7	84	7	63.6	31.6	W.N.W. S.W.	93	0.010		
18	30.213	51.0	42.2	74	6	64.9	36.3	S.W. N.W. S.	130	0.000		
19	30.526	47.6	31.6	57	1	56.4	42.5	N.N.E.	409	0.000		
20	30.582	41.5	32.9	75	1	53.4	33.6	N.N.E. E.	246	0.000		

\* Snow.

The following are the readings of the meteorological instruments for the above days, in order, at ten o'clock, a.m. :—  
Barometer (in inches) corrected .. 30.280 30.087 30.182 30.235 30.215 30.494 30.627  
Temperature of Air .. 47.0° 51.3° 50.0° 52.1° 53.0° 48.6° 42.0°  
Temperature of Evaporation .. 42.0° 45.6° 49.0° 49.0° 48.6° 41.3° 39.2°  
Direction of Wind .. S.W. S.E. S.W. W.N.W. S.W. N.E. N.E.

## TIMES OF HIGH WATER AT LONDON BRIDGE FOR THE WEEK ENDING APRIL 21, 1883.

Sunday.	Monday.	Tuesday.	Wednesday.	Thursday.	Friday.	Saturday.
h m	h m	h m	h m	h m	h m	h m
7 44	8 19	8 57	9 40	10 21	10 55	11 28

**BRIGHTON.—Frequent Trains from Victoria and London Bridge.** Also Trains in connection from Kensington and Liverpool-street. Return Tickets, London to Brighton, available for eight days. Weekly, fortnightly, and Monthly Tickets at cheap rates, available to travel by all Trains between London and Brighton.  
Cheap Half-Guinea First-Class Day Tickets to Brighton every Saturday from Victoria and London Bridge, admitting to the Grand Aquarium and Royal Pavilion.  
Cheap First-Class Day Tickets to Brighton every Sunday, from Victoria at 10.45 a.m., calling at Clapham Junction.  
Pullman Drawing-Room Cars between Victoria and Brighton. Through bookings to Brighton from principal Stations on the Railways in the Northern and Midland Districts.

**PARIS.—SHORTEST, CHEAPEST ROUTE.—** Via NEUCHÂTEAU, DIEPPE, and ROUEN.  
Express Service, Weekdays and Sundays (1st, 2nd, and 3rd Class). From Victoria 7.50 p.m., and London Bridge 8.0 p.m. Fares—Single, 33s., 24s., 17s.; Return, 65s., 47s., 30s.  
Powerful Paddle-Steamers with excellent Cabins, &c. Trains run alongside Steamers at Neuchâteau and Dieppe. The Day Tidal Special Express Service (1st and 2nd Class) will commence for the season on May 1.  
SOUTH OF FRANCE, ITALY, SWITZERLAND, &c.—Tourists' Tickets are issued enabling the holder to visit all the principal places of interest.

**TICKETS** and every information at the Brighton Company's West-End General Offices, 28, Regent-circus, Piccadilly, and 8, Grand Hotel Buildings, Trafalgar-square; City Office, Hay's Agency, Cornhill; also at the Victoria and London Bridge Stations.  
(By order) J. P. KNIGHT, General Manager.

**ST. JAMES'S HALL, PICCADILLY.**  
Newly and Beautifully Decorated. The World-famed  
**MOORE and BURGESS MINSTRELS.**

EVERY NIGHT AT EIGHT.  
MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, SATURDAY, at THREE and EIGHT.  
ATTRACTION EXTRAORDINARY for a limited period.  
In addition to the New and Magnificent Musical Entertainment of the Moore and Burgess Minstrels, the renowned PAUL MARTINETTI and his unrivalled Company of Artists will appear at EVERY DAY AND NIGHT PERFORMANCE.

**ST. JAMES'S HALL, Piccadilly.**—Messrs. MOORE and BURGESS have much pleasure in announcing that they have entered into an engagement with the renowned PAUL MARTINETTI AND TROUPE, for a limited number of Nights, when the entire Second Part will be devoted to their MARVELOUS and MIRTH-PROVOKING PERFORMANCE, forming one of the most powerful and attractive Entertainments ever produced at this Hall.

**MR. and MRS. GERMAN REED'S ENTERTAINMENT,**  
ST. GEORGE'S HALL, Langham-place. Managers, Messrs. Alfred Reed and Corney Grain. A new First Part, entitled A MOUNTAIN HERESS; and a new Musical Sketch, by Mr. Corney Grain, entitled OUR MESS. Morning Performance—Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday at Three; Evenings—Monday, Wednesday, and Friday at Eight. Admission, 1s. and 2s.; Stalls, 3s. and 6s. No fees.

**THE ANNUAL SPRING EXHIBITION of ENGLISH and CONTINENTAL PICTURES** including J. E. Millais, R.A.'s new picture "Ophelia," is NOW OPEN, at ARTHUR JOOTH and SONS' GALLERY, 5, Haymarket (opposite Her Majesty's Theatre). Admission One Shilling, including Catalogue

**THE NINETEENTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF OIL PAINTINGS** by Artists of the BRITISH and FOREIGN SCHOOLS is NOW OPEN at THOMAS McLEAN'S GALLERY, 7, Haymarket. Admission 1s., including Catalogue.

**DORÉ'S GREAT WORKS.**—"ECCE HOMO" ("Full of divine dignity,"—The Times) and "THE ASCENSION," "CHRIST LEAVING THE PRÆTORIUM," "CHRIST ENTERING JERUSALEM," with all his other Great Pictures.—DORÉ GALLERY, 38, New Bond-street. Daily, 10 to 6. 1s.

**MASKELYNE and COOKE.—EGYPTIAN HALL.—**At Every Entertainment until further notice Mr. MASKELYNE will perform the CABINET MYSTERIES of the celebrated DAVENPORT BROTHERS, clearly showing how the whole of the seemingly impossible feats are accomplished. For further particulars see daily papers.

## SEÑOR SARASATE'S CONCERT.

SEÑOR SARASATE will give, by General Desire, a SECOND EVENING CONCERT, at ST. JAMES'S HALL, on THURSDAY NEXT, at Eight o'clock. Full Orchestra. Conductor, Mr. W. G. Cousins. Tickets, 10s. 6d., 7s., 6s., 2s. 6d., and 1s., at the usual Agents'; and at Austin's, St. James's Hall.

**LYCEUM.—MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING (172nd Performance).** Every Evening at Eight o'clock. Doors open, 7.30. Benedick, Mr. Henry Irving; Beatrice, Miss Ellen Terry. Box-Office (Mr. J. Hurst) open Daily, Ten to Five.

## NOTICE TO ADVERTISERS.

In consequence of numerous inquiries at the Office upon the subject, the Proprietors of this Journal beg to intimate that applications for Advertisements to be printed upon Sheets entitled *The Interleaf* or *Leaflet*, or bearing any other title, and said to be inserted in any portion of the issue of the ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, do not emanate from this Office, and that such Insertions are in no way connected with the Paper.

## THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.

LONDON: SATURDAY, APRIL 14, 1883.

Exciting as have been the events of the past week, the hasty remarks of some of the foreign newspapers that John Bull is panic-stricken are singularly misplaced. Any people might well be alarmed at the discovery not only of a wide-spread conspiracy for wholesale massacre, but at the manufacture in their midst of the agent of destruction. Seventeen years ago there was a similar, though not so inhuman, a war waged against society by a handful of desperadoes, when the attempt was made to blow up Clerkenwell Prison, where Fenian criminals were immured. And there can be little doubt that the present diabolical plot for the wholesale use of explosives was prompted by the insane expectation that it might in some way paralyse the arm of justice in connection with the trial of the Irish Invincibles. It is not panic-stricken people who act with the patience, skill, and resolution that have marked the conduct of our Executive since the explosion at Whitehall revealed the hidden danger.

The Home Secretary no doubt spoke with the fullest knowledge when, on Monday night, he dwelt with such marked emphasis and gratitude on the energy and activity of the police of England and Ireland, who "have within the last week rendered services to society equal to any for which successful generals and victorious armies have received the thanks of Parliament." Within one week they have discovered a manufactory of infernal machines at Cork and a laboratory for making nitro-glycerine at Birmingham, have arrested some of the principal members of the diabolical confederacy in the metropolis, and are busy following up clues which point to a widespread plot for distributing packages of this terrible explosive in different parts of London, with a view to their being simultaneously fired, so as to cause indiscriminate slaughter and destruction. Threats of this kind have from time to time crossed the Atlantic, but have been regarded as too atrocious to be seriously entertained. The events of the past week have, however, undeceived us. How promptly the Cork conspirators were captured; with what consummate skill Whitehead, the manufacturer of nitro-glycerine in the back street of Birmingham, was entrapped—his premises being entered with skeleton-keys and minutely examined unconsciously to himself; and the address shown in the easy capture of his supposed confederates at Euston-square, Southampton-street, and the Charing-cross Hotel, as well as in the seizure of the first consignment of explosives—these and other remarkable incidents of the police campaign against the conspirators have excited universal admiration. The deadly preparations mixed together for use in connection with the intended explosions have been made innocuous by chemical skill and care at Birmingham and Woolwich. A momentous peril to society has been averted without a single act of violence or the spilling of a drop of blood.

Prevention is better than cure. Acting upon this maxim, the Government on Friday evening announced, amid general approval, that a bill would be introduced to amend the law relative to explosives. On Monday the new measure passed through all its stages in both Houses of Parliament, and received the Royal Assent on Tuesday. In the Commons the Opposition cordially concurred in the imperative necessity for the measure, and the assurance of Sir W. Harcourt that the danger which the country had still to face from the enemies of society was grave and imminent, almost disarmed criticism. We thus see that the Parliament of England can, on a great emergency, act as well as talk, and with united force. The Explosive

Substances Act is unquestionably a Draconic enactment, but not too stringent for the occasion. Any unlawful or malicious explosion "of a nature likely to endanger human life or cause serious injury to property" will render the perpetrators liable to penal servitude for life. If no explosion takes place, the intending criminal is to be liable to twenty years' penal servitude. A further and necessary provision is that a person making or in possession of explosives, when there is a "reasonable suspicion," will have to prove that his object is not unlawful. It is also enacted that a magisterial inquiry may be made, though no accused person is in custody, and witnesses examined on oath with a view to the discovery of all the facts—a clause borrowed from the Irish Crimes Act, which was the means of unearthing the murder conspiracy in Dublin. But the new Act cannot be put in force without the assent of the Attorney-General, nor, in accordance with Constitutional usage, will it be retrospective. The prisoners now in custody will be tried under the old and ineffective law, and possibly on charges that will be effectual to ensure exemplary punishment if they should be convicted. The Executive is now armed with ample power to crush dynamite conspirators; and if it be true that a number of miscreants are crossing the Atlantic to reinforce their confederates, they will find England too hot to hold them. It is more than probable that the Explosive Substances Act will be so effectual for its purpose that it will never be put in force.

But the Fenian conspiracy in England is likely to have two important indirect results—one of which, at least, its promoters did not intend. The great trial in Dublin in connection with the Phoenix Park assassinations has now commenced, and it is hardly possible that the case against the accused will not be to some extent prejudiced by what has occurred on this side St. George's Channel, as is shown by the extreme difficulty of finding counsel to defend the prisoners. It has also still further discredited the League movement. Mr. Davitt, who has always deprecated violent courses, has joined with Mr. A. M. Sullivan in denouncing the dynamite war, and deploring "the disastrous results that follow from a recklessness that is born of political ignorance working upon a Celtic impulse." At this juncture, when he might fitly have taken a similar course, Mr. Parnell is silent, though he refuses to go to the Philadelphia convention, which is likely to be controlled by the dynamite faction. But it is to be noted that his former agent, Sheridan, the outrage-monger, and the supple Egan, late treasurer of the League, are among the most active supporters of the dynamite policy of the Fenians, to the intense disgust of sober-minded Americans, who are half disposed to expel O'Donovan Rossa and the gang of bloodthirsty desperadoes from the United States. Probably there will be no more demands for extradition. The Government and people of England now feel themselves able to cope with the fomenters of murder and massacre.

Whatever may be the real merits of the controversy that took place in the House of Commons on Monday night between the front benches as to the relative results of Liberal and Conservative finance, the new Chancellor of the Exchequer has produced a Budget which meets with only faint opposition, and is likely to pass with little difficulty. His surplus of about two and a half millions has been judiciously allotted. Mr. Childers, retaining an adequate reserve for contingencies, dispenses with the extra income-tax of three halfpence in the pound, which was imposed upon the upper and middle classes to meet the cost of the Egyptian campaign—now entirely paid for. Then the reduction of the price of telegrams to sixpence will be acceptable to trade and commerce; and the abatement of the duty on third-class railway passengers is a boon to the working classes. While the spread of temperance throughout the country has seriously affected the revenue derived from the wine and spirit duties—entailing a loss of some five millions in the last few years—the Chancellor of the Exchequer shows that in other ways, such as by the scheme of terminable annuities, the resources of the country can be replenished without impairing its credit or arresting the operation of the scheme for a substantial reduction of the National Debt.

Whether it be owing to the suspension of Irish obstruction or the less eager antagonism of the Conservative benches, distracted, for the moment, by the dual-leader problem, Parliamentary business is making unexpected progress. The financial proposals of Mr. Childers are not, as already indicated, likely to give rise to protracted discussions. The Ballot Continuance Bill has been read a second time, the Army Bill has gone through all its stages, and the proceedings of the Standing Committee that has to settle the details of the Bankruptcy Bill have, thus far, justified the sanguine expectations of Mr. Gladstone. The contrast with that portion of the Session which preceded the Easter recess is very marked. Possibly the present calm may precede a storm. But, for the moment, it is permissible to hope that the two great measures for constituting a new municipality for London, and for securing to tenant farmers compensation for unexhausted improvements, will soon be introduced, and perhaps eventually carried, in the House of Commons.



## ECHOES OF THE WEEK.

More than once, and possibly in this page, I may have related how in early youth I knew a very old French gentleman who had lived in Paris throughout the stormiest period of the First Revolution; how I importuned him to tell me all about the Flight to Varennes, the March on Versailles, the Tenth of August, the Massacres of September, the Murder of the Princesse de Lamballe, the Reign of Terror, Robespierre, Danton, and Marat, the Sans Culottes, and the Furies of the Guillotine; and how, patting my head, he replied, placidly, "*Mon enfant, I did not see much of the things of which you speak.*" At the period named *je m'occupais de la conchologie*. That there is a Reign of Terror, now, in our midst is my only excuse for retelling a stale story. That Justice is hunting down the Terrorists—the Dynamite demons—and steadily bringing them within measurable distance of handcuffs and penal servitude is slightly consoling to think of; but how many thousands of us are there sitting at our ease, serenely confident—why, we know not—that we shall not be blown up—dining out and asking to dinner, going to the play, to balls, and concerts, and picture exhibitions, and in a hundred ways "occupying ourselves with conchology," metaphorically speaking?

It is possible to live securely and pleasantly enough, and even to enjoy oneself, in the wretchedest political times. The theatres of Paris were crowded during the Terror. I was in Paris during the *Coup d'Etat* in December, 1851, and two days after the insurrection had, with dreadful shedding of blood, been put down, I went to the Salle Valentino, where the lively Gauls were hopping and skipping about as though nothing horrible and heartrending had happened, only forty-eight hours before. I was in St. Petersburg in 1881, immediately after the assassination of Alexander II., and before the remains of the unfortunate Tsar were buried; and, save that the theatres and some of the shops in the leading thoroughfares were closed, everything was going on—especially in the way of eating and drinking—as usual. The fashionable restaurants were crowded, every day from noon till three o'clock the next morning.

The world must roll; and we ourselves must eat and drink and sleep and amuse ourselves: bearing the misfortunes of our neighbours, on the whole, with much equanimity. At the first blush there seems something almost brutally cynical in Johnson's reply to Mrs. Thrale, when she told him that in some battle in America her poor cousin's head had been taken off by a cannon-ball. "Madam," retorted the fine old crusty moralist, "it would give you very little concern if all your relatives were spitted like those larks, and roasted for Presto's supper." Presto was a dog. But the Doctor evidently was only half serious. Mrs. Thrale had laid down her knife and fork, at supper, to tell him of her cousin's sad fate. The cannon-ball which had removed her kinsman's head had not interfered with her enjoyment of the roast larks. A hundred years ago the Phoenix Park murders and the dynamite conspiracy horrors would have led to the appointing of a Day of Public Fasting and Humiliation. We have the Gunpowder Treason service in our Liturgy yet; and how many times more dreadful in its effects than gunpowder is dynamite? But public sentiment is not demonstrative nowadays; and we are content to sup on roast larks (quails are coming in) although our first cousins' heads may have been knocked off.

I read wonderful accounts in the New York papers about Mr. Vanderbilt's grand fancy-dress ball, to which one thousand guests were invited. Some of the dresses worn by the ladies must have been startling in their effect. One *grande dame* appeared as the "Electric Light," in white satin trimmed with diamonds, and with a magnificent diamond head-dress. Then there was a married lady who wore the costume of a "Vivandière du Diable"—whatever that may be. What do you say to "a red satin dress, on which were embroidered fantastic figures of demons, crabs, &c." A large figure of a dragon covered the entire front of the dress; while from the head-dress peeped, on each side, two miniature Mephistophelian figures."

The palm for a "fancy" dress should, however, I venture to think, have been awarded to the fair damsel who personated "Puss."

One of the most striking costumes worn was by a well-known young lady who represented a "cat." The overskirt was made entirely of white cats' tails sewed on a dark background. The bodice was formed of rows of white cats' heads, and the head-dress was a stiffened white cat's skin, the head over the forehead of the wearer, and the tail pendant behind. A blue ribbon with "Puss" inscribed upon it, from which hung a bell, worn around the neck, completed the dress.

And these are the people who worthy Mr. Herbert Spencer thinks work so hard and stand in need of more amusement!

I would not say one word more about the Duke of Wellington's cocked hat but for the fact that through the courtesy of a correspondent I have been made acquainted with the whereabouts, not, indeed, of a Wellingtonian hat, but of a plume formerly belonging thereto, the authenticity of which is indisputable. At Dodington Park, in Gloucestershire, there is preserved under a glass case a plume once worn in the hat of the Iron Duke, together with one of his pocket-handkerchiefs. The story of the relics is told on a slip of paper in the handwriting of Miss Emma Codrington, daughter of Sir Edward Codrington, sometime Port Admiral at Plymouth:—

The Duke had taken the plume out of his cocked hat, for, walking between decks, and finding it inconvenient to carry while going up and down the ladders, he came up to me and said, "There, you may carry that for me, and, if you like, you may keep it." I said, "Oh, yes; but you shall not have it back again. It is much too precious to me to part with it." He said, "Very well; you may have it."

Thus wrote Miss Codrington in February, 1842. The occasion to which she refers was when the Duke was in attendance on the Queen and Prince Consort during a visit to Portsmouth. My correspondent adds that the *cadeau* of the plume (a large white one, at least a foot high) was accompanied by the gift of one of the Duke's pocket-handkerchiefs, of which "he always carried three or four in his pocket."

"The eagles are gone; crows and daws, crows and daws!" exclaimed Pandarus in "Troilus and Cressida." Mr. Phil. Robinson, author of "Noah's Ark," "Under the Punkah," "My Indian Garden," and other pleasantly instructive works, has a great deal to say concerning "crows and daws," and a multitude of other feathered creatures besides, in his simply delightful book, "The Poets' Birds," recently published by Messrs. Chatto and Windus. But why does this charming writer, in quoting three stanzas (he had better have quoted the whole) of Cowper's "Jackdaw," omit to tell his readers that Cowper's polished lines are only a translation of an exquisite Latin poem by Vincent Bourne, one of the Masters of Westminster School, and the friend of Hogarth? The stanza, the omission of which from Mr. Robinson's quotation I chiefly regret, is the well-known one—

He sees that this great round-about,  
The world, with all its motley rout,  
Church, army, physic, law,  
Its customs and its businesses  
Is no concern at all of his,  
And says:—what says he?—caw!

Now, without this explanation of the jackdaw's philosophy, the next and concluding stanza, in which the poet apostrophises the jackdaw as a "thrice happy bird," and longs for such a pair of wings as his is and "such a head between 'em," is almost without meaning.

Mem.: Tom Ingoldsby's "Jackdaw of Rheims" might put in a plaintive "caw!" as a plea for being quoted among "The Poets' Birds." The parrot Mr. Phil. Robinson apparently disdains to consider as a poetic bird, although he is made the subject of another translation by Cowper from "Vinny" Bourne, in the stanzas beginning—

In painted plumes superbly dressed,  
A native of the gorgeous East,  
By many a billow tossed—  
Poll gains at last the British shore,  
Part of the captain's precious store,  
A present to his toast.

Mr. Robinson just incidentally mentions "canaries, cockatoos, and parrots" as being among the "indifferent repertory of foreign birds" familiar to English poets. There are four or five allusions to the parrot in Shakespeare. On the other hand, Mr. Robinson has much that is fascinating to read touching blackcocks and bullfinches, geese and grouse, ducks, doves, and dotterel, flamingoes and fieldfares, rooks and robin redbreasts.

With delight mingled with amazement have I read an account of the examination at the National Training School of Cookery at South Kensington of twelve young girls selected from the parochial schools of the Ward of Farringdon, who, having gone through a course of sixteen lessons (the italics are mine) at the National Training School, at the expense of the Worshipful Company of Cooks, were called upon to give a practical demonstration of the amount of culinary knowledge which they had acquired during their certainly not very prolonged curriculum of study. I read:—

The girls—twelve in number—acquitted themselves very creditably in cooking the following dishes, which were submitted to the judgment of the visitors:—Fried sole, liver and bacon, veal outlets, grilled steak and fried potatoes, beef olives, fish cakes, milk soup, pea soup, pancakes, rock cakes, baked plum pudding, and apple tart.

But, surely, there must be some slight clerical error in the statement that these interesting little charity girls were capable of cooking the dishes above mentioned after a course of only sixteen lessons. "Sixteen" must be a misprint for "sixty" or "six hundred." I appeal to all persons possessing any practical knowledge of cookery to say whether they agree with me that the girl able to cook the *plats* which I have cited would not be at once qualified to go into service as a "good plain cook, in a small private family," at wages certainly not less than twenty pounds a year. But, if there be no misprint in the matter, all I can say is that the National Training School of Cookery is the most wonderfully efficient educational institution in Europe, and that all parents, gentle and simple, should send their little (and big) girls to South Kensington for a sixteen-lessons course of cookery, without delay.

"So she went into the garden to cut a cabbage-leaf, &c." A correspondent, "C. J. M.," kindly tells me that the words which dropped out of my memory in quoting (in the "Playhouses") this droll piece of nonsense, were as being present at the marriage to the lady, name unknown, "the picaninies, the job lilies, and the—(here occurs a word which I am unable to decipher in my correspondent's MS.)." He adds that old Macklin, the actor, was once descanting on literature and the stage, and boasted that he could repeat any given formula of words after once hearing it. Foote was among his auditors, and forthwith wrote and sent to the boastful comedian the piece of rigmarole in question. Macklin failed to repeat it from memory, "and so," adds my correspondent, "has everyone else that has ever tried to repeat it." That I venture, deferentially, to doubt. Surely the ingenious Mr. Stokes would be able in a single lesson to teach a pupil the trick of repeating "So she went into the garden, &c.," perfectly.

A correspondent skilled in practical engineering (Newcastle-on-Tyne) remarks that in the matter of the "blow-holes" on the Victoria Embankment, a leaf might be usefully taken from the book of North Country Colliery practice. "If the tunnels," he writes, "were divided by a brattice, each train would clear out the foul air before it, just as a Whitworth ramrod cleans out a rifle. There would then be required only a high ventilating tower near each station." And could not the ventilating tower be made architecturally ornamental and not a hideous eyesore?

"A. A. A." (Beaconsfield Club) propounds to me the following, which is the orthography of the two following variations in spelling:—"I read on the walls of a London street 'St. James's-street.' I read in Messrs. Kelly's Post Office London Directory 'St. James'-street.'" I may answer the question by relating the brief apologue of the Shoddy

Millionaire, who, on first setting up his carriage, instructed the coachmaker to paint a crest on the panels. "But what's the crest to be, Sir?" asked the coachmaker. "I'm sure I don't know," replied the man of many dollars. "*What's most worn?*" "Wal," quoth the coach builder, "Stags' heads is very fashionable; but fishes' heads is reckoned mighty peculiar." He was for liberty in heraldry. I am for liberty in spelling, chiefly, perhaps, because I was never taught to spell.

"Setting the Thames on Fire." "N. A." remarks on the absurdity of substituting "Temse" for "Thames." "No amount of sifting would set a sieve on fire; and, besides, if it could, where would be the wonder?" In Dublin, my correspondent adds, he has often heard it said of a somewhat dull individual, "Oh! he'll never set the Liffey on fire!"

I promised not many weeks since to peruse *Reis and Rayett*, a newspaper and review of Politics, Literature, and Society, published at Calcutta, printed in English, but edited by a learned Indian gentleman, whose contributors, it is to be presumed, are exclusively Natives. *Reis and Rayett* is very good reading. I find in it satirical notes on English "society" doings, leaders on a "Popular Police v. a State Constabulary," Local Self-Government, "Adulation in Excelsis," and "Durbarring in Western Bengal." From the number for Feb. 14 I gather the following glimpse of Oriental manners. The editor quotes from "the sturdy vernacular *Medini*":—

Another outrage on the modesty of poor weak dumb woman by a British Budmah—on the Bench!

The other day a Brahmin gentleman with his wife was summoned to appear before the Sessions Judge of Midnapore as witness, and after the deposition of the husband, the wife, a young girl of fourteen, was placed on the dock for examination. The Judge insisted on having the veil removed from her face; she, of course, refused to do so. The Judge, however, would hear of no excuse whatever, the veil must be removed. To our shame, we must say, it was a Brahmin clerk who had the Hobson's choice of executing the revolting deed, and he did so amid the repeated resistance of his victim. The shock was too much for the poor girl. She fell down in a swoon, and the Judge was obliged to postpone her deposition."

A lady giving evidence in a British court of justice would be bound to raise her veil on entering the witness-box. Still, as Albert Smith's "Engineer" might have put it, "Hingland hisn't Hindia, and Hindia haint Hingland; and that's where it is." It is odd to find our old friend "Hobson's choice" mentioned in connection with a Hindoo wife of fourteen declining to lift her veil. The allusion bears out, to some extent, Mr. Bright's recent declaration, that Milton is extensively read by the natives of India; for did not the author of "Paradise Lost" pen two sets of humorous couplets on the death of the famous University carrier Hobson? In one of the poems, indeed, the illustrious bard condescends to perpetrate a pun:—

Obedient to the moon, he spent his date  
In course reciprocal, and had his fate  
Link'd to the mutual flowing of the seas;  
But, strange to think, his *waia* was his increase.

The joke runs parallel to Tom Hood's in the verses about the diminutive gentleman in the boat, who continued to grow larger and larger, to the consternation of his fellow-passengers, till he explained his inflation by telling them that he had been "Little" but was now "Moore." "Thomas Little, Esq.," of Anacreontic fame, had expanded into Thomas Moore, of the "Irish Melodies."

A long time ago I used in this page occasionally to propound "Nuts to Crack"; but after a while I was bound to lay aside my nut-crackers, owing to the overwhelming increase in a normally large and perplexing correspondence. I say perplexing, because I am frequently at a loss to discover why at least half the letters sent to me should ever have been written. It is not with any intention to revert to an inconvenient system in the "Echoes" that I draw attention to a remarkably promising "nut" which the indefatigable Mr. Dion Boucicault, in the columns of the *New York Herald*, has challenged the public of the United States to crack.

Mr. Boucicault produced on March 25 at the Star Theatre, New York, a farcical comedy called "Vice Versa," in which he himself, according to the *Herald*, sustained the principal part, "in a dressing-gown of scarlet satin, and trousers of a sea-green hue, wearing yellow Dundermy whiskers, and the air of a fashionable fop." Mr. Boucicault's "Vice Versa" has nothing to do with Mr. Anstey's ingenious novelette, a dramatised version of which was produced on Monday, the 9th inst., at a Gaiety Matinée. The *New York "Vice Versa"* is to all appearance a translation of a Palais Royal vaudeville called "Le Truec d'Arthur."

The *N. Y. H.* critic did not approve of "Vice Versa," and pronounced the piece to be a failure. To this criticism Mr. Boucicault, in a letter to the *Herald*, good-humouredly remarks, *inter alia*:—

By-the-way, I wonder if anyone has considered curiously that a dramatist who has produced upwards of three hundred pieces must necessarily introduce in each piece about ten characters. This makes a total production of three thousand characters. It is somewhat difficult to make them all distinct, original types; but if he fails to do so in his later works he is sometimes accused of lack of originality. I doubt if there be three thousand different characters in the world; at least, so differing as to be distinguishable as types.

Now here is a wondrous nut to crack. Here is a chance for students deeply read in Shaftesbury's "Characteristics," the "Steel Mirror," the "Caractères" of Labruyère, "Les Français peints par eux-mêmes"—there is an analogous work in Spanish. Mr. Thackeray's "Book of Snobs," the "Heads of the People," which Kenny Meadows illustrated, the political "characters" scattered through the writings of Swift, Douglas Jerrold's "Men of Character," George Eliot's "Theophrastus Such," and Theophrastus himself. A course of the "Newgate Calendar," the "Old Bailey Sessions Papers," Howell's "State Trials," and the Police Reports of the last fifty years or so, might also bring to light multitudinous varieties of human character. Then we might go to Lavater and Gall and Spurzheim, and thence to Pinel, Esquirol, and Forbes Winslow; for all writers on insanity must dwell to some extent on characteristics as well.

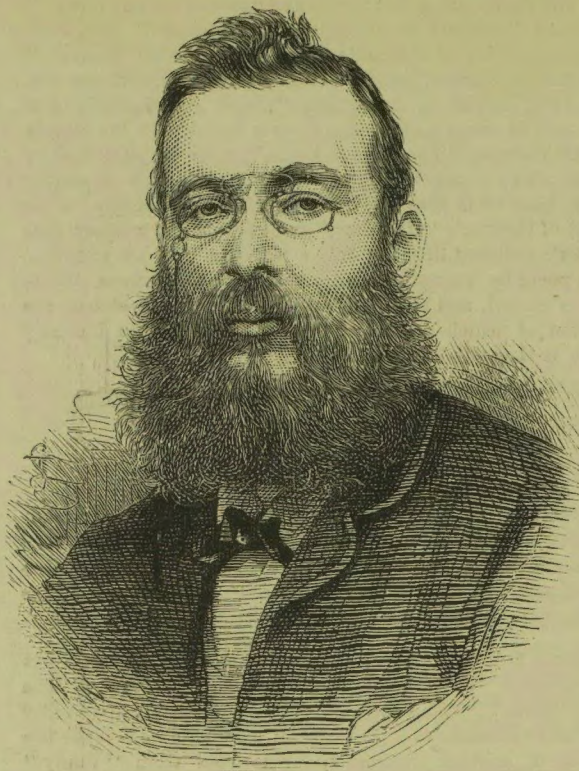
G. A. S.



## THE DYNAMITE CONSPIRACY.

The police of London, Birmingham, and Liverpool have succeeded in making a series of important discoveries and seizures, and in arresting several of the most desperate agents of the atrocious conspiracy to blow up our public buildings, which has been hatched by the American-Irish Fenian association, probably for the mere sake of gaining notoriety and collecting more money from their ignorant dupes in the United States. They cannot possibly suppose that any political object is to be furthered by such monstrous practices; or that the British Government and nation could be intimidated by causing a certain limited amount of damage to public property, and perhaps, incidentally, the loss of a few lives of innocent persons; but they reckon upon getting increased subscriptions to the "Skirmishing Fund" and other delusive pecuniary speculations for the personal enrichment of their infamous conductors, who trade upon the sensation of horror and astonishment excited by these attempts, and in their own papers and meetings call for new donations from the credulous Irish working-class people of the American cities. Their aim is to create a panic in England, simply for this purpose, in which they will be defeated by the steady common-sense of our nation, and by the vigilance and prompt action of our police, with the additional powers of legal repression and severe punishment under a fresh Act of Parliament brought in and passed through both Houses on Monday last.

Dynamite, an explosive solid substance which has long been extensively manufactured and sold for use in mines and quarries, and in engineering works, is formed by mixing the liquid nitro-glycerine with a fine pulverised earth, imported mostly from some districts of North Germany, making a kind of paste, to be dried and hardened like clay. The War Department keeps large quantities of dynamite in store; and there is a magazine of it on the banks of the Thames, in Plumstead Marshes, where the brownish-yellow cakes, of the shape of ordinary bricks, and of rather less size, lie in trays of water, carefully guarded and tolerably safe from doing accidental mischief. There is a way of firing a charge of dynamite by means of a small tube containing nitrate of silver; the material used in percussion-caps, or in percussion-cartridges, or in artillery practice and with percussion shells. By the stroke of the hammer in the firelock, or by the impact of the shell when it strikes the object that is aimed at, this ignites the charge of gunpowder. Dynamite will not go off of itself by spontaneous combustion, but requires either a percussion-igniting apparatus, or a burning fuse, or a spark of electricity, to be set in operation. The liquid, however, called nitro-glycerine, which is mixed with harmless earth, or sometimes with sawdust or the like, to make dynamite, is extremely liable to accidental explosion, whether from being suddenly shaken, or from changes of temperature. It is a yellowish, dirty-looking, oily sort of stuff, giving out pungent fumes, which are highly inflammable, and the handling or keeping of it, even in closed vessels, requires a great deal of care. Nitro-glycerine is produced by mixing glycerine with nitric acid, both of which are cheap and common materials, in themselves quite harmless, and then adding a certain dose of sulphuric acid, and allowing the mixture slowly to flow or drop into water; a new chemical compound is formed and precipitated, which is one of the most powerful explosive agents yet known, at least five times stronger than any gunpowder. The danger of its accidental combustion is much greater where the ingredients are not absolutely pure, and where the mixing is not gradually and



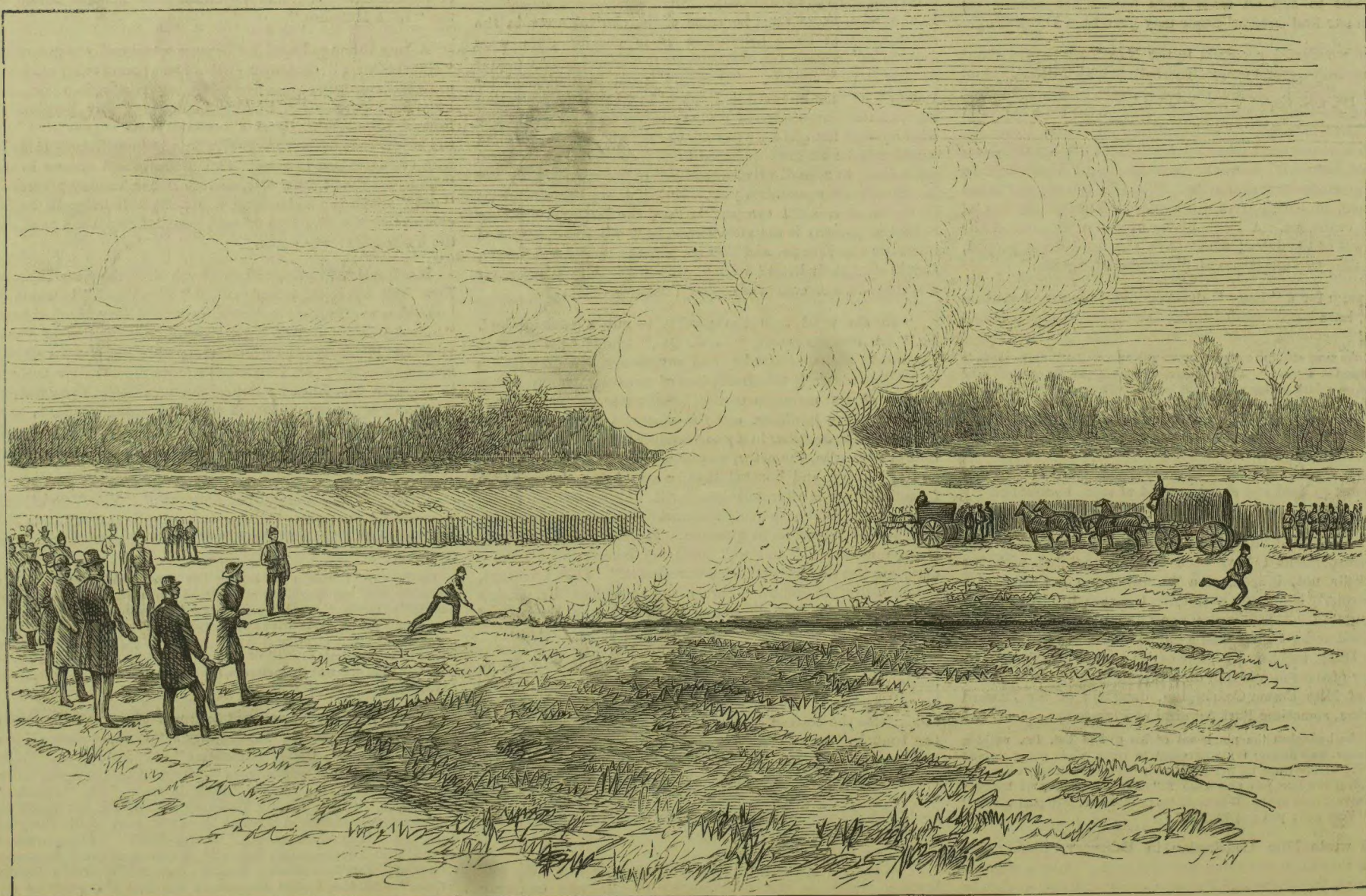
P. J. TYNAN, THE SUPPOSED "NUMBER ONE"  
OF THE DUBLIN ASSASSINATION CONSPIRACY.

evenly performed, so that it is likely to be most perilous to unskilful amateurs and unlawful concoctors of mischief. The manufacture is regularly carried on, upon a very large scale, at several establishments in different parts of England, Scotland, and Wales; and the export of dynamite has become a considerable trade.

The Detective Police of Birmingham are entitled to the credit of having discovered the clandestine manufactory of nitro-glycerine in that town, and having given information to the Metropolitan Detectives which enabled them to arrest four of the conspirators lately arrived in London, and to seize a large quantity of the explosive matter. Others have been arrested in the neighbourhood of Liverpool, at St. Helen's, at Glasgow, and at Cork, while evidence has been obtained of these parties being connected with each other, and with the American head-quarters of the conspiracy, where no pretence of concealment, in general, has of late been maintained. It was on Wednesday week, after having watched for some time the suspicious movements of a stranger called Albert George Whitehead, in Ledsam-street, Ladywood, at the west end of Birmingham, that the police there observed another young man carrying away from the premises, in a cab, a heavy

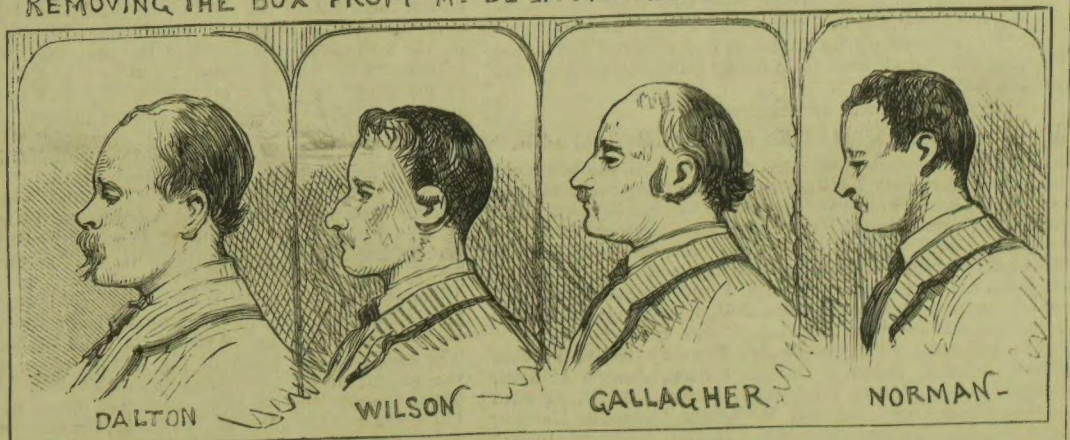
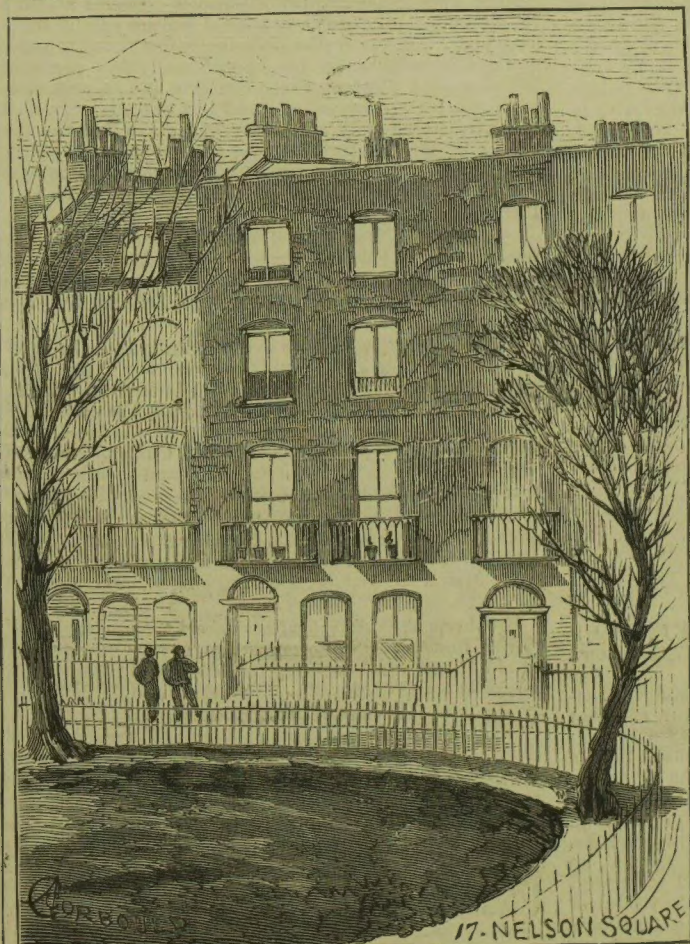
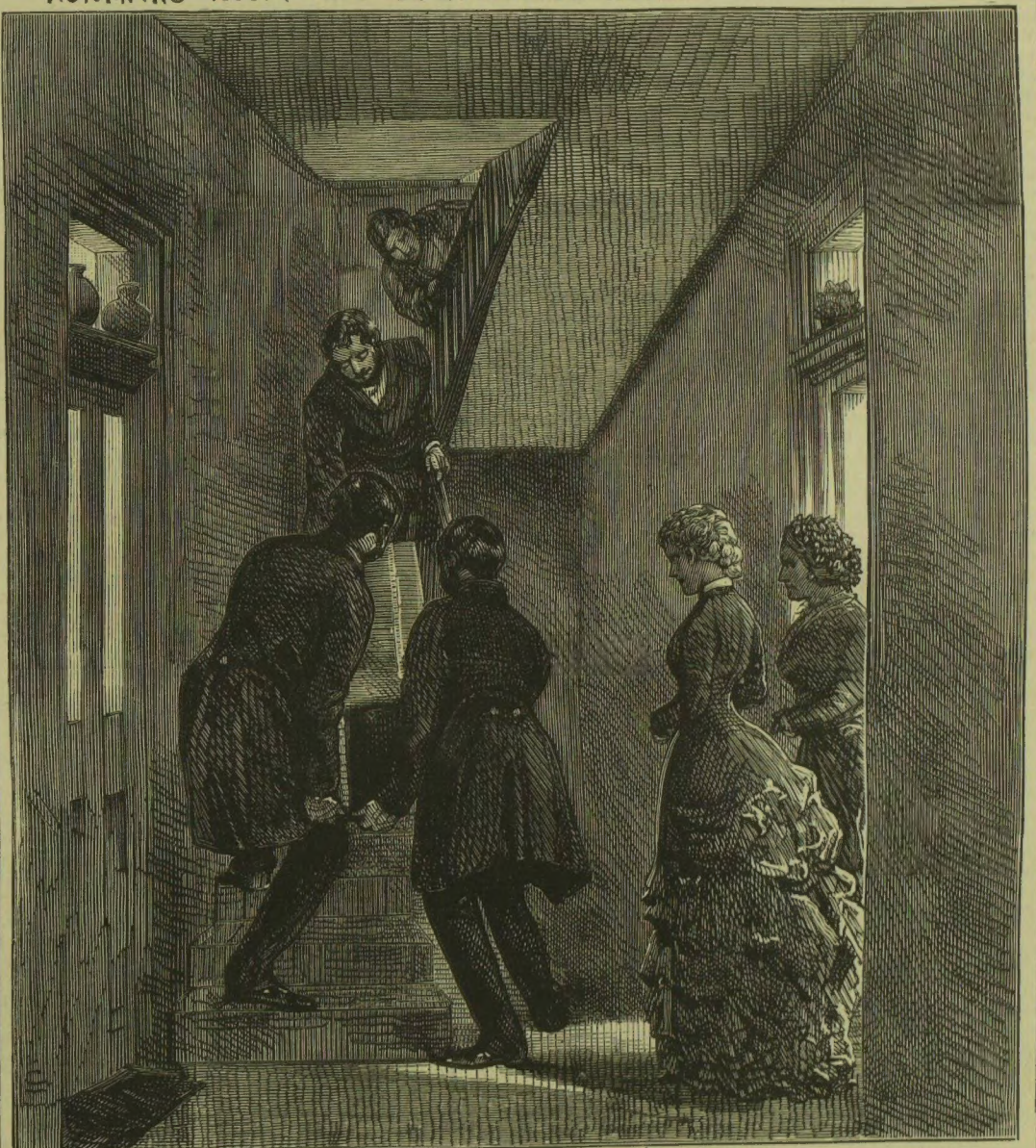
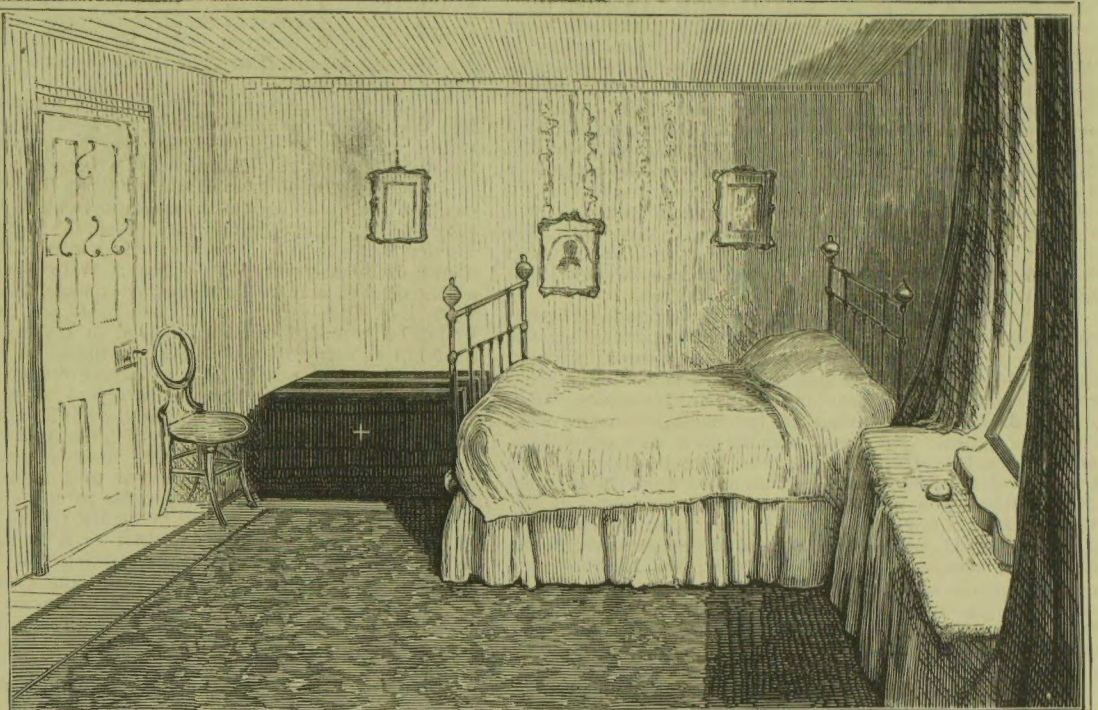
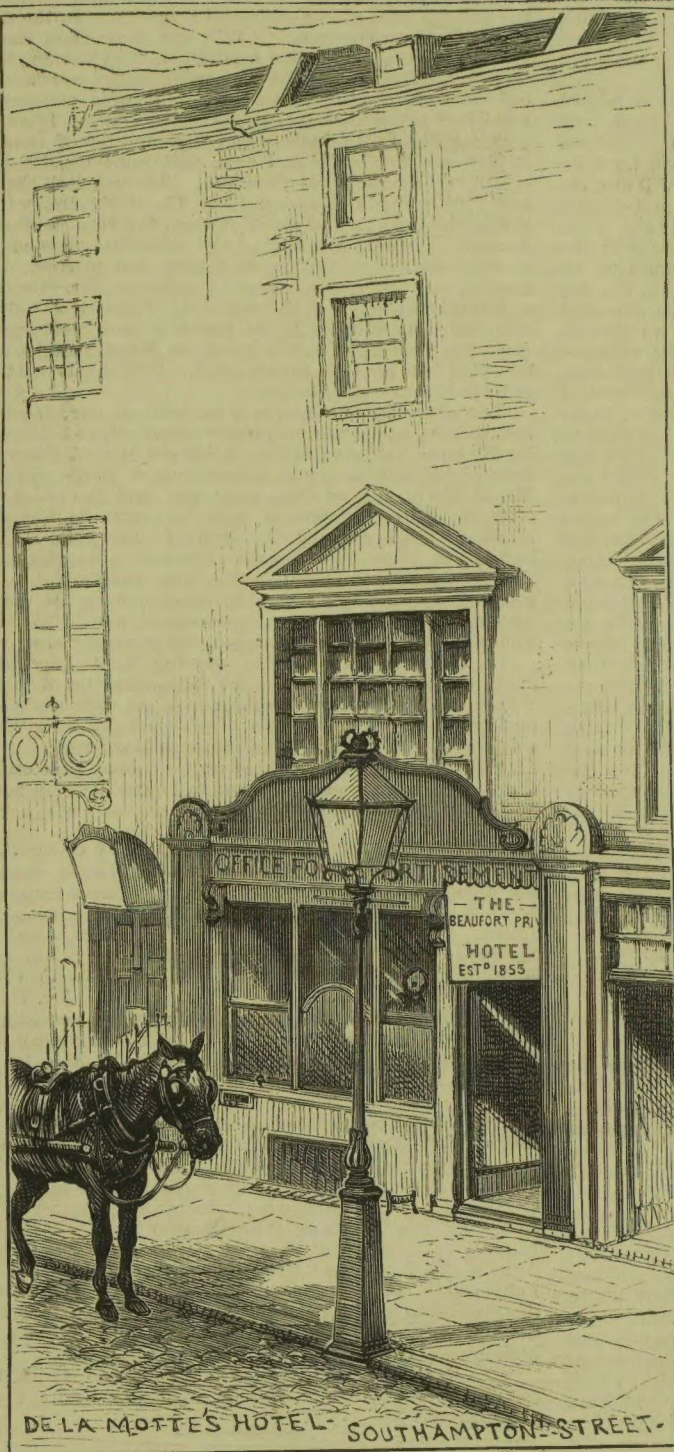
box, which he took to the New-street railway station, and with which he started for London. The police telegraphed to London, so that the man was met on his arrival at Euston-square station by the Metropolitan Detectives, who followed him to Southampton-street, Strand, where he had engaged a bed-room at the Beaufort Hotel, belonging to Mrs. De la Motte, over the offices of the *Court Circular*. He there gave his name as William James Norman, and was understood to be a medical student. The bed-room had been taken for him beforehand, in the afternoon, by an older man of respectable appearance, and Norman himself came about half-past eight in the evening. His box was carried up stairs by himself and another who came with him, and was placed in his bed-room, which is shown in one of our Sketches of this affair. It was covered with black varnished American leather-cloth, studded with brass nails, and barred with cross-pieces of wood. Norman went out for a short time later in the evening, but only to a refreshment bar in the Strand, and came back to go to bed. At half-past twelve that night, Inspector John Langrish, with two other London police officers, entered the house and made him their prisoner. He said that he had brought the box from Birmingham at the request of a gentleman, and that he did not know what it contained. The box was taken, early on Thursday morning, by Inspector Adam Mackie, to the Royal Arsenal at Woolwich, where its contents were examined by Professor Abel and his assistants, Messrs. Dent and Brown, Chemists to the War Department, and subsequently by Colonel Majendie, the Government Inspector of Explosives. There was in the box a large india-rubber bag, in which was about 170 lb. of nitro-glycerine, with a short nozzle-tube closed by a screw-plug, but not quite tight, as some moisture was exuding. It was removed, for safety, to the magazine in Plumstead Marshes, three miles from the Arsenal and town of Woolwich.

In the mean time, at Birmingham, Chief Superintendent Farndale, and the excellent police officers under him, who had already made themselves well acquainted, by previous investigations, with the nitro-glycerine manufactory in Ledsam-street, took Whitehead in custody, and seized the whole of his stock. Whitehead, who is also a young man, had come there about two months ago, calling himself a painter and paper-hanger, and hired the house and shop, at a monthly rent, ostensibly to sell painting materials and wall papers, but he lodged in the adjoining house. He kept a boy in the shop, where little or no business was ever done; but he worked in other rooms of the house, assisted sometimes by one or two strange men who came to visit him. Large quantities of glycerine, nitric acid, and sulphuric acid or vitriol, in bottles or carboys which would hold four or five gallons, were ordered and sent to the premises from different chemical factories in the town. From one firm alone Whitehead obtained £27 worth of glycerine, as he said, to retail to hairdressers; but he went to other people for the acids. Having for some weeks got information of these proceedings, the Birmingham Detectives kept a strict watch over the premises; and Sergeant Richard Price was appointed to this special duty. Entering the house by the aid of skeleton keys, in Whitehead's absence, Price and others with him found a number of jars, large glass carboys, and other vessels, containing liquids, of which they took samples, and submitted these to Dr. Hill, the Borough Analyst, who found them to be the acids and stuff above mentioned. Whitehead seems of late to have been in fear that someone might enter the rooms, for he had put up a string and a stick across the front door and window to give him warning by disarrangement, if the door or window was opened in his absence;



BURNING THE DYNAMITE AT THE SALTLEY SEWAGE-FARM, NEAR BIRMINGHAM.





The box marked with a cross, in No. 3, De la Motte's Hotel, contains nitro-glycerine, in an india-rubber bag

THE FENIAN DYNAMITE CONSPIRACY IN ENGLAND.



but the detectives took care to replace these when they left. Superintendent Robinson and Chief Inspector Black afterwards visited the premises. There was a large vessel of nitro-glycerine, already compounded, and in a highly dangerous condition, found in the kitchen on Friday, the day after Whitehead's arrest, when the manufactory was examined by Colonel Majendie, Dr. Dupré, chemical adviser to the Home Office, and Dr. Hill, with the Chief Superintendent of Police. To get rid of this perilous stuff in the safest way, it was next day converted into dynamite by admixture with the proper kind of earth (Kreselger white earth, from Hanover); this operation being performed by an expert from Glasgow, Mr. Macready, from the factory of Messrs. Nobel and Son, authorised manufacturers of explosives. On Sunday, the whole quantity held by the police, filling seven large buckets, each holding about 30 lbs. of dynamite paste, was conveyed several miles, in a closed van well guarded, to the Corporation Sewage Farm at Saltley. There Mr. Macready, assisted by Dr. Hill, emptied the buckets, one after another, in an open fallow field, spreading their contents along the ground, and set fire to the stuff, in small quantities at a time, burning it away till all was gone. It gave off a huge volume of fierce flame, with a quantity of gas, but did no harm whatever. This scene is represented in one of our illustrations, from a Sketch by Mr. J. R. Hawkesford.

The London police of the Criminal Investigation Department had continued to be active in making further arrests, and in finding out more about their prisoner Norman. He proved to have been here a fortnight before, staying at Mr. Edwards's private hotel, 14, Euston-square, from March 22 to the beginning of last week, when he went to Birmingham. He there said he was a coachbuilder, and belonged to Liverpool, but had been in America. He was visited there by an older man, about thirty-five, called Mr. Fletcher, who was staying at the Charing-cross Hotel. On Thursday, a few hours after Norman's arrest, Inspector J. G. Littlechild, with others, went to Nelson-square, on the Southwark side of Blackfriars-bridge, to No. 17, the upper part of which house is let for lodgings by its tenant, Miss Clare, while a clergyman dwells on the ground floor. In a second-floor bedroom, to which they were directed as the lodging of a Mr. Wilson, from information previously gained, they captured that individual, Henry Hayward Wilson, in company with another man, Dr. Thomas Gallagher, who had been staying at the Charing-Cross Hotel, and who seems to be identical with the Mr. Fletcher known as Norman's visitor in Euston-square. A portmanteau was found in the room, owned by Wilson as his, containing two india-rubber bags full of explosive liquid, and some pieces of a spring, and other matters. Wilson had money to the amount of £140, and Gallagher had £800 or £900, chiefly in American dollars and paper money. At six o'clock the same evening the police officers made another arrest, at Bowles's American Reading-room, 14, Strand, where they took into custody a person calling himself Henry Dalton, but whose real name is John O'Connor, and whose parents live in Eden-place, Fulham-road. This man has been ten years in America, and was a compositor by trade; he came back in February last. A box of detonators, a piece of a fuse, and a pocket-book containing directions for preparing fulminate of mercury, were found in his room in Eden-place. He is about twenty-six years of age, a small man, pock-marked, with light blue eyes, and is supposed to be an emissary of the Fenians from New York. The four prisoners, Norman, Wilson, Dr. Gallagher, and Dalton alias O'Connor, were brought up on Friday at Bow-street Police Court, before Sir James Ingham, who remanded them for further inquiries. Dr. Gallagher is a well-dressed man, of superior intelligence, and passes for an American physician; he formerly belonged to Glasgow, where his brother, Bernard Gallagher, has been arrested on suspicion of being concerned in the recent attempt to blow up the Glasgow Gasworks. On Saturday, John Curtin, aged thirty-four, who had also lately come from America, and who had been corresponding with Gallagher, was apprehended in Woburn-place, Euston-square; and, on Sunday, a young man from New York, who gave the name of William Ansburch, and who was at an hotel in the Blackfriars-road. The police are in possession of documents proving that all these persons have been acting in concert. They are confined in Millbank Prison.

At the Liverpool Police Court, on Saturday, Dennis Deasey and Patrick Flannigan were brought up in custody. The former arrived by the steam-boat from Cork on the 28th ult., bringing a box which was found to contain lignine dynamite, with certain chemicals, chloride of potash, sugar, and sulphuric acid, the mixture of which would cause ignition; and with a tube for their reception, so arranged that the charge would take fire in a few minutes. Flannigan, who is a railway porter, had a quantity of such materials in his house, besides loaded revolvers and cartridges, and a false beard. One of the men in charge at the steam-boat office, at Cork, named Henry Morgan, has been arrested there; and nitro-glycerine, petroleum, and other incendiary substances, were found in his possession. Three other men, Timothy Featherstone, Daniel O'Herlihy, and Timothy Carmody, living at Cork, two of whom were implicated in the Fenian conspiracy of 1867, while Featherstone was a correspondent of O'Donovan Rossa, are in custody upon the charge of being agents in this conspiracy. They seem to have imported nitro-glycerine from Glasgow, and to have constructed at Cork the apparatus for its explosion, which is probably similar to that used on the 15th ult. at the Local Government Board offices in Westminster, and at the *Times*' office in Printing-house-square.

The offence of being in possession of such explosives with a criminal intent has been, under the law heretofore existing, a misdemeanour punishable with only two years' imprisonment. By the new Act of Parliament, which was introduced by the Home Secretary on Monday, and received the Royal Assent on Tuesday, it becomes a felony punishable with penal servitude for twenty years.

### THE PHOENIX PARK MURDER TRIALS.

The trials of a number of men charged with the atrocious crimes of the "Irish Invincibles" at Dublin, including the murder of Lord Frederick Cavendish, Chief Secretary for Ireland, with that of Mr. T. H. Burke, the Under-Secretary, in the Phoenix Park, on May 8 of last year, have been commenced this week, in the Green-street Court-house, Dublin, before Mr. Justice O'Brien and a Special Jury. The Special Commission having been opened, the Judge delivered his charge to the Grand Jury on Monday. The following is a list of the prisoners:—Joseph Brady, Timothy Kelly, Thomas Caffrey, Patrick Delaney, Daniel Curley, Joseph Hanlon, Michael Fagan, James Fitzharris, James Mullett, Edward O'Brien, Peter Carey, Edward McCaffrey, Lawrence Hanlon, Peter Doyle, William Moroney, Daniel Delaney, Joseph Mullett, George Smith, Thomas Martin, and Thomas Doyle. The first indictment charges them with the murder of Lord Frederick Cavendish and Mr. Burke; the second indictment is the charge of attempting to murder Mr. Denis Field; the third indictment is for conspiracy to murder certain public officials. On Monday, after the charge to the grand jury, indictment

ills were sent up against many of the prisoners charged with these murders, and true bills were found against seven. Joseph Brady was arraigned, and pleaded not guilty, but a postponement for a few days was applied for, which was opposed by the Crown, and refused. Curley, Kelly, Caffrey, and Fitzharris were also arraigned, and pleaded not guilty. Counsel were assigned to Brady, whose trial commenced on Wednesday at noon. The counsel for the prosecution are the Attorney-General for Ireland (Mr. A. J. Porter), the Solicitor-General for Ireland (Mr. Naish), Mr. James Murphy, Q.C., and Mr. Peter O'Brien, Q.C.; while the prisoner is defended by the counsel assigned to him by the Crown—viz., Dr. Webb, Q.C., Mr. D. B. Sullivan, B.L., Mr. R. Monroe, Q.C., and Mr. Richard Adams, B.L. The trial was proceeding when our Paper went to press.

The circumstances of the Phoenix Park murders, as related by James Carey, the accomplice who turned Queen's evidence, and confirmed by the evidence of the carman, Michael Cavanagh, Robert Farrell, and other witnesses, must be fresh in the recollection of most of our readers. They will also remember Carey's account of the attempts to waylay and murder the preceding Chief Secretary for Ireland, the Right Hon. W. E. Forster, who was to have been attacked in his carriage at the corner of John-street, Ellis's Quay. With reference to the actual deed of murder on Saturday evening, May 6, the day when Earl Spencer, the new Lord Lieutenant, accompanied by Lord Frederick Cavendish, arrived in Dublin, we present Sketches of many of the places mentioned in the evidence which Carey and others have already given at Kilmainham Court-house, and which they must repeat upon the trial of Joseph Brady this week. There is the public-house in Park-gate-street, the Royal Oak, from which Carey saw the gang of assassins gathering an hour before their hideous crime was perpetrated; there is the entrance to Phoenix Park; the seat where Carey sat waiting for them to come by appointment, and where he was spoken to by Mr. Glynn; the statue of Lord Gough, frequently noticed as a landmark of the locality; the open Irish car, upon which the four actual assassins, driven by Cavanagh, rode into the Park; the road in the Park, near where the unfortunate gentlemen were attacked and stabbed to death; the gate on the Chapelizod road, by which the murderers drove out of the Park; and several places through which they afterwards passed, in the suburban villages and hamlets south-west of Dublin, and along the Naas-road. As an illustration, further, of that nefarious conspiracy of the "Irish Invincibles," described by James Carey, with which he said that Mr. P. J. Sheridan and Mr. Frank Byrne, as well as the person called Walsh, were actively associated, some months before the Phoenix Park murders, we give the View of the Blackrock Railway Station, near Dublin, where the supposed "Number One," P. J. Tynan, who has escaped to Mexico, was last seen in his own country. He used to sell papers at a stall in that railway station. The portrait of this man is also given, from a photograph by Mr. Hemery, which is published by Messrs. Marion and Co., in Soho-square, London.

### MUSIC.

#### THE CARL ROSA OPERA COMPANY.

The second of the two important novelties promised for the present brief season at Drury Lane Theatre was produced on Monday last, having been postponed from the previous Thursday in consequence of the indisposition of Madame Valleria. The "lyric drama" of "Colomba" has been adapted by Mr. F. Hueffer from the late Prosper Mérimée's romantic tale bearing the same title. Mr. Hueffer explains in a preface his reasons for making the large deviations from the original by which his opera-book is characterised, the chief of which is the alteration of the final catastrophe; the Colomba in the tale escaping all dangers, whereas in Mr. Hueffer's version she is shot by the soldiers whom she is seeking to divert from the pursuit of the wounded Orso, her brother, in his retreat among the brigands after he has killed the two Barracini who have sought his assassination. Most readers must be familiar with the thrilling tale, of which the Corsican "Vendetta" forms the basis of interest—how the families of the Della Rebbias and the Barracini had long been at deadly feud, the slaughter of the father of Colomba and Orso by the last-named family having, according to Corsican notions, imposed the duty of revenge on Orso. In the drama this character is supposed to have preserved the life of the Count de Nevers at the Battle of Waterloo, and is in consequence, made an officer in the French Guards. Orso falls in love with the Count's daughter, Lydia, and all three arrive in Corsica on the Count's appointment as governor of the island. On his meeting with his sister, Orso is reminded of his mission of vengeance, from which, as an honourable soldier, he shrinks. He, however, seeks an open encounter with his mortal enemy, Giuseppe Barracini, who treacherously endeavours to slay him by the agency of his brother, Antonio Barracini, who fires at Orso from behind a wall, and wounds him in the left arm. Orso, having a double-barrelled gun, shoots both the brothers Barracini. In his retreat among the brigands he is sought secretly by his sister and his betrothed, the latter rejecting him as a supposed murderer. All, however, is set right by the intervention of the Count, who undertakes the manifestation of Orso's innocence. The guilt of the two Barracini is proved, the lovers are reconciled, and their union is assured—all is rejoicing and happiness when Colomba is borne in, wounded by the soldiers in her endeavour to divert them from the pursuit of her brother, her dying exclamation expressing satisfaction at the fulfilment of the "vendetta" and at the union of the lovers. So the curtain falls on a mixed state of feeling in lieu of the unmingled gladness of the climax of the narrative. Mr. Hueffer has put together an effective framework for dramatic music, and he may claim the example of many precedents for his tampering with a story that is—in its way—classical. His sneer (in his preface) at "the poet Bunn" and the late Mr. Fitzball" (however well founded it may be) is in bad taste, seeing that some of Mr. Hueffer's own verifications might fairly be animadverted on.

The composer of the music of "Colomba"—Mr. A. C. Mackenzie—had previously gained much praise by some chamber works performed at the Monday Popular Concerts; a characteristic orchestral piece, entitled "Burns," given at the Crystal Palace, and two cantatas—"The Bride," produced at the Worcester Festival of 1881, and "Jason," brought out at last year's Bristol Festival. "Colomba" has no overture, each of its four acts being introduced by a brief orchestral prelude. The first act takes place in the market-place of Ajaccio, on the arrival of the newly-appointed governor and his party. There is some very effective concerted music in the recital of the murder of the elder Della Rebbia, the various exclamations of the crowd, sailors, market people, &c., the vengeful exclamations of Colomba and the misgivings of the guilty Barracini. A specialty in this act is the "Vocero," an apostrophe to the dove, hinting at the expected "Vendetta." The first portion is sung by Chilina—the daughter of the brigand Savelli, who afterwards furnishes the evidence proving the guilt of Giuseppe Barracini—the concluding part of the

"vocero" being assigned to Colomba. The quintet and chorus which conclude the act contain some good effects. Colombo's scena, which opens the second act, includes some effective declamatory writing, particularly the "Allegro Impetuoso" movement. The ballet music accompanying the village rejoicings comprises a spirited "Saltarello," and is altogether bright and vivacious. The interweaving of the hymn to the Queen of May with orchestral features of the dance music is ingeniously effected. The unaccompanied quartet, "Let the past be dead," with repetition in chorus with orchestra, and the settee, "It is enough," which closes the act, are good pieces of dramatic writing. In the third act Orso's Corsican love-song, "Will she come from the hill?" and the old Corsican ballad for Chilina, "So he thought of his love," and some of the concerted music associated with denunciations of the Barracini, are notable features. The fourth act is the briefest portion of the opera. It contains a pleasing duet for Colombo and Lydia, another of far superior importance for Lydia and Orso, and some impassioned declamatory passages for Colomba. The general impression left by the opera is favourable. The orchestral writing is skilful throughout, and some of the concerted music is very dramatic. Much, however, of the connecting declamation is monotonous and void of musical form and interest. In this respect, and also in the use of the orchestra, Mr. Mackenzie is apparently a disciple of the school of Wagner. "Colomba," with much to interest in its music, is yet wearisome in its entirety; that is, as it was given on Monday night, when it occupied four hours in performance. Probably it will undergo some judicious condensation.

The character of Colomba is an arduous one, dramatically and vocally, and it was very finely sustained, in both respects, by Madame Valleria; Mdle. Baldi and Miss C. Perry having been highly satisfactory representatives of Lydia and Chilina. Mr. B. McGuckin, as Orso, sang well, and the characters of Giuseppe Barracini, Savelli, and the Count de Nevers were efficiently filled, respectively, by Mr. Ludwig, Mr. F. Novara, and Mr. H. Pope—subordinate parts not calling for mention. The orchestral and choral details were excellently rendered, and the performance was ably conducted by the composer, who, as well as the principal performers, was called forward. The costumes and stage arrangements generally are good.

On the previous Saturday evening Miss Amy Sherwin made her first appearance in the title-character of Wallace's "Maritana"; and sang with refinement, but without producing any special impression. On Tuesday evening "Faust" was given, with Madame Marie Roze as Margaret.

"Colomba" was announced for the second time on Thursday. With next week the season will close.

#### THE ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, COVENT GARDEN.

The prospectus of the new season—just issued—announces the opening thereof on May 1. The promised reappearance of Madame Adelina Patti, Madame Albani, Madame Pauline Lucca, Madame Sembrich, Madame Scalchi, and other favourites of past years will be welcome to the public. There is a possibility of the appearance of Madame Christine Nilsson, but this is not positively guaranteed. Mr. Maas and Signori Ravelli and Del Puente—heretofore associated with Her Majesty's Theatre—will be added to the company; and first appearances in England will be made by Madame Marie Durand, Mdle. A. Gini, Signor Marconi, Signor Battistini, and M. Devoyod. The absolute novelty promised for production is Ponchielli's opera, "La Gioconda," which has had very great success in Italy. Other interesting features will be the revival of Rossini's "La Gazza Ladra," with Madame Patti as Ninetta, and of the same composer's "Il Conte Ory," with Madame Sembrich as the Countess—besides which Auber's charming "Le Domino Noir" ("Il Domino Nero") will be repeated, with Madame Pauline Lucca as Angela, and Wagner's "Der Fliegende Holländer" (I Vascello Fantasma), with Madame Albani as Senta. These features, in addition to others drawn from the extensive repertoire of the establishment, should combine to render the season one of high musical interest.

Mr. Carrodus is again leading and solo violinist, and Signor Beviniani and M. Dupont divide, as before, the office of conductor.

The two last Saturday afternoon concerts at the Crystal Palace have not offered any special feature calling for detailed comment. On the earlier occasion Señor Sarasate produced a marked impression by his exceptionally fine performance of Wieniawski's difficult violin concerto No. 2, and solo pieces of the player's composition; and last Saturday Mr. C. Hubert H. Parry's orchestral symphony was given for the first time here, and Mr. R. Rickard was well received in his performance of Chopin's second pianoforte concerto. The symphony was spoken of by us on its first production at last year's Birmingham Festival.

The Sacred Harmonic Society gave a very effective performance of "Elijah" yesterday (Friday) week, conducted by Mr. Charles Hallé, and with Misses A. Williams and Hancock, Mesdames Penna and Patey, Mr. E. Lloyd and Mr. Santley as principal solo vocalists.

Mr. Walter Bache gave his thirteenth annual recital at St. James's Hall on Monday afternoon, when the programme consisted entirely of a selection from Beethoven. In the evening—in the same locale—Señor Sarasate, the eminent Spanish violinist, gave an orchestral concert with the band of the Philharmonic Society, conducted by Mr. Cusins. Señor Sarasate played Beethoven's Violin Concerto and smaller pieces with rare technical skill. The concert was otherwise interesting.

M. Gounod's oratorio, "The Redemption," was very effectively performed by Mr. Geaussen's choir at St. James's Hall on Tuesday evening, when the principal solo vocalists were Misses M. Davies, De Fonblanque, and McKenzie, Mr. E. Lloyd, and Mr. Santley.

Madame Cellini's morning concert took place on Wednesday at Dudley House, by permission of the Countess of Dudley, in aid of the funds urgently needed for the maintenance of the Hospital for Consumption, Brompton, and its new extension.

An evening concert was given by the Clapham Amateur Orchestral Society, at the Kensington Townhall, on Wednesday, in aid of the British Home for Incurables, Clapham.

Berlioz's "Faust" was repeated by the Choral Society of the Royal Albert Hall on Wednesday evening.

At Neumeyer Hall, last week, Mr. Barrett read a paper on "Balfé, his Life and Work," before the College of Organists. A selection from Mr. Balfé's operas, songs, cantatas, was sung by the lecturer, assisted by Miss Julia Jones, Mr. Walter Clifford, and Mr. W. H. Brereton.

The official liquidators of the late West of England Bank have issued a statement to the shareholders showing that to the close of last year the receipts were £3,500,440, and the payments to that date left a balance of £36,557 available for expenses and creditors. Small sums have since been admitted, and such liabilities now amount to £33,000.



## THE PLAYHOUSES.

Mr. Burnand's three-act "Farical Comedy" "Artful Cards," revived at Toole's Theatre on Monday, the 9th, was greeted from its first to its last line with roars of laughter; and, it being clearly the main object of a "farical comedy" to provoke incessant merriment, the critic is happily relieved from that part of his functions which places him under the obligation to pronounce as to the success or failure of a play. So the success of "Artful Cards" being an accomplished fact only the pleasant task remains of saying something about the piece itself, and the artistes whose bright, clever, genial acting made Mr. Burnand's good things still more attractive to the audience. "Artful Cards" was first produced at the Gaiety in 1877; but the public memory in regard to farical comedies is not a very retentive one, and an outline of the plot may thus be acceptable.

Mr. Robert Spicer Romford is a gay and festive middle-aged gentleman who had been a poet and (from Mr. Phil Robinson's point of view) wrote verses about birds would probably have sung most melodiously in praise of the lark. The many "larks," indeed, indulged in by Mr. Romford in his bachelor days led to his "outrunning the constable," and to his being an almost penniless bachelor when he entered into the bonds of matrimony with a wealthy lady with rather a strong mind, who assumed the entire financial control of the household and of himself, making her husband an annual allowance of a hundred a year for his personal expenses, and rigorously scrutinising his tailor, hatter, and bootmaker's bills. The action of the play begins on the eve of the day when Mr. Romford is to receive his allowance. But there is many a slip between the cup and the lip; and the sum set apart for the severely married man is destined to find its way into numerous pockets before it reaches the fob of Mr. Spicer Romford. His amiable but slightly suspicious spouse is sister and ward to Miss Dora Stewart, an artless but somewhat too susceptible damsel, who has been so imprudent as to write a number of effusive epistles to an adventurer who passes himself off as a Russian Prince, but who is, in reality, an English adventurer induced with a slight Continental lacquer. The scoundrel threatens Dora that, unless she pays him a hundred pounds by a certain time, he will make her letters public. The agonised young lady asks her sister to lend her the money, which must be paid that very evening at an appointed rendezvous with the swindler in Kensington Gardens; and banking hours being past Mrs. Romford is fain to take the notes required from the sum payable to her husband. That gentleman, meanwhile, is distressingly "hard up," and confides the fact of his dire impecuniosity to his nephew, Fred Flutter, a rising barrister, who is as fond, seemingly, of "larks" as his uncle still continues to be. Fred has been defending, at the Old Bailey, a gang of swindlers, who (as not uncommonly happens with industrials of that persuasion) have been triumphantly acquitted by a British jury. Among the fortunate defendants was a fascinating lady, passing as the Polish Countess Asteriski. Mr. Flutter has not received any fees for pleading the cause of Beauty in Distress; but when Beauty leaves the dock a free woman she overwhelms her advocate with professions of gratitude, and invites him to visit her at her apartments near Leicester-square, where she intends to hold that very evening a reception. Fred Flutter accepts the invitation, and asks his uncle to accompany him. The wretched man has not cash enough even to purchase a pair of white kid gloves; but that little difficulty is got over by his generous nephew purchasing for him a pair of the desired articles, at the not immoderate price of half a crown. Quite unexpectedly, however, he comes into possession of no less a sum than two pounds ten shillings. A brilliant Baronet, named Sir Harecut Shortleigh, is deeply enamoured of Dora Stewart; but his addresses are discouraged by Mrs. Romford on the ground that he has not obtained a formal introduction to her sister. Nothing discouraged, Sir Harecut (whose intentions are strictly honourable) gains admission, on a flimsy pretext, to the Romford residence, and, discovering Mr. Spicer Romford, who has taken off his coat in order to instruct a new servant-maid how to lay the cloth for dinner, mistakes him for the butler and liberally "tips" him. Mr. Romford is thus fortuitously supplied with pocket-money for the Countess Asteriski's reception, at which his "lark" nephew hints there may be a little card-playing after supper.

In Act the Second we are introduced to the "Artful Cards" themselves, Prince Ivanous Forderoff, the Herr Baron von Teufelsgarten, and the Countess Asteriski herself—all British-born rascals with foreign aliases. The "bogus" Russian Prince has received the hundred pounds from Dora Stewart, and has restored some of, but not all, her letters, impudently telling her that he intends to hold the remaining correspondence in *terror* over her. But the interview in Kensington Gardens has been accidentally witnessed and overheard by Sir Harecut Shortleigh, who follows the *soi-disant* Muscovite Boyard to the Leicester-square gambling den. The brilliant Baronet knows a great deal too much about the "bogus" Prince for that knave's peace of mind. In fact, Sir Harecut is in possession of a cheque forged by Ivanous Forderoff when he was a clerk in a Liverpool counting-house. He forces the forger to restore, in exchange for the forged document, the hundred pounds and the remaining letters, which Sir Harecut intends to give back to Dora Stewart as a substantial proof of his sincere affection for her. Shortly afterwards, Mr. Spicer Romford and Fred Flutter arrive; and the reception-rooms are filled with the usual gathering of gamblers' decoy ducks, male and female. Sir Harecut also remains to see the humours of the evening, having previously divested himself of his overcoat. In one of the pockets of this garment he has left a cigar-case, in which he has placed the hundred pounds disgorged by Forderoff. A highly diverting gambling-house scene follows. Mr. Spicer Romford at first wins largely at "Russian Poker," but ultimately, of course, loses everything, even to his gold watch and chain, and he has given, besides, an I O U for a hundred pounds to the Baron von Teufelsgarten. The gamblers are rudely interrupted in their sports by the arrival of the police; but, by a very ingenious contrivance, the gaming-table is transformed into a couple of pianofortes; musical instruments are thrust into the hands of all the company—a trombone falling to the share of Spicer Romford—and the ladies breaking forth into a chorus, the *triptot* assumes the aspect of an innocent evening concert. The police are for the moment baffled; but the Russian Prince is "wanted" for something else besides gambling, and with his arrest the curtain drops.

In the third act we find Mr. Romford wandering about Piccadilly at five in the morning, wearing Sir Harecut Shortleigh's overcoat, and carrying the unlucky trombone, which he ultimately persuades a police-constable to take to the Lost Property Office, Scotland-yard, "to be left till called for." It need scarcely be said that he has not the slightest intention of calling for the compromising instrument. Then he meets the Herr Baron, who has with difficulty escaped from the police, and who insists that Mr. Romford shall pay him the hundred pounds on the I O U signed by that infatuated gentleman. To conciliate him Romford, asking the Baron whether he smokes, makes him a present of the cigar-case and its contents, which he has found in the strange coat pocket. The

Baron, opening the case, discovers the hundred pounds, and, thinking that Mr. Romford had wished to redeem his liabilities in a delicate and unobtrusive way, makes him a handsome speech, and burns the I O U with the same match as that with which he kindles his cigar. Of course, when Mr. Romford learns that the cigar-case was the receptacle of bank-notes to the amount of a hundred pounds, he demands his own, or rather somebody else's money back; but the "Artful Card" is a great deal too artful for Mr. Spicer Romford; and the Baron "bolts."

Act the third, which begins stormily, ends happily. The police-constable to whom Romford has entrusted the fateful trombone has ascertained that gentleman's address, and brought the instrument to his house, in the hope of receiving a modest reward. This leads, of course, to the revelation of the fact that Mr. Spicer Romford has been out all night; the jealousy of Mrs. Spicer Romford is aroused, and her husband passes a very *mauvais quart d'heure* with her. But Sir Harecut Shortleigh turns up as the *Deus ex machina*, and sets all things straight. He has met the "bogus" Baron, and forced that rogue to surrender the cigar-case, the hundred pounds, and the letters; and these, of course, being considered by the Romford Family as a convincing proof of the sincerity of his affection, the brilliant Baronet wins a blooming bride. Mrs. Romford forgives her erring husband; and it is left to the imagination to picture poetic justice being eventually done on the "Artful Cards" by their being respectively sentenced to eighteen months' imprisonment and hard labour.

Of this very merry, humorous, dashing play—in which there is not a dull line nor an ineffective "situation," Mr. J. L. Toole was, naturally, the mainstay. The admirable low comedian was at his funniest. Never have I seen him act more evenly, assiduously, and "squarely"—I mean that his appreciativeness extended to every side of the character which he personated. The variety and ingenuity of the equivocations by means of which Mr. Spicer Romford attempted to explain away his little "larks" in the parlours of Leicester-square, and the possession of the incriminatory trombone, were, on the lips and with the gestures of Mr. Toole, simply marvels of mendacity. He lied—well, not exactly like Truth, but in a manner which would have put Baron Munchausen on his mettle and driven Mendez Pinto wild with envy. His pecuniary embarrassments, his astonishment at being mistaken for a butler, his agonies which he endures in the sham Countess's *salon*, through the splitting of the half-crown gloves and the slipping away of his shirt-studs, his alternate exultation and his despair at the gaming-table, and his utter and despairing perplexity as to how to get rid of that accursed trombone, were all so many triumphs of real comic art, and all given with a breadth and raciness altogether free from "staginess" and from vulgarity. Mr. Toole was very ably seconded by Mr. H. Westland as the vivacious Fred Flutter, by Mr. Louis Waller as the sham Russian Prince, and by Mr. E. W. Garden as the Bogus Baron. The German of the last-named gentleman was excellent. Sir Harecut Shortleigh was played very carefully, and with the cool *aplomb* of an accomplished man of the world, by Mr. E. D. Ward, who, in general "make-up" and bearing so closely resembled another brilliant Baronet, not of the stage, but of political life, that, were Mr. Ward to take his walks abroad in the King's-road, Chelsea, it is quite within the range of possibility that the members of the Eleusis Club might turn out *en masse* and give him an "ovation." The ladies in "Artful Cards" were as good as the gentlemen. Miss Marie Linden looked dangerously fascinating as the sham Polish Countess. Miss Ely Kempster was "sweet and twenty" (to borrow Mortimer Collins's formula) as Dora Stewart; Miss Bella Wallis was vivacious as a *soubrette*; and Miss Eliza Johnstone's Mrs. Spicer Romford was an admirably-balanced and concentrated performance. She did not over-accentuate either her strong-mindedness or her jealousy of her flighty husband; but she let him and the audience unmistakably know that she was in all respects the "grey mare" in the Romford stable.

"Artful Cards" is advertised to be played "for a few nights only." The play is so exceptionally funny, and the acting so good, that I hope that the success which the revival achieved will warrant its retention in the bill at Toole's Theatre for a much longer period than was originally contemplated. "Artful Cards" has been erroneously described as an "adaptation" from the French of a Palais Royal piece (and not a very successful one), called "La Clé." I believe the truth of the matter to be that Mr. Burnand, being in Paris for a holiday, saw "La Clé," and was struck by the "situation" of the metamorphosis of the gaming-table into a couple of pianofortes. He at once telegraphed to Mr. Toole to say that he had got an idea for him, and wrote "Artful Cards" up to the gaming-table metamorphosis incident, but without further troubling himself concerning "La Clé." The piece was immediately placed in rehearsal at the Gaiety; but Mr. Hollingshead, to avoid all possible breakers ahead, purchased from the French author, and on Mr. Burnand's account, the right of performing an adaptation of "La Clé" in England. The French manuscript of "La Clé" arrived in London on the very afternoon of the day when "Artful Cards" was produced at the Gaiety; but Mr. Burnand had never read a line of the French piece, nor made a note of it at the Palais Royal. So "Artful Cards" is not an adaptation from "La Clé;" and, with the exception of the transformed "Board of Green Cloth," is not built, to any appreciable extent, on the lines of the Palais Royal comedy. G. A. S.

The liveliness of "A Trip to the Moon" at Her Majesty's has been enhanced by the appearance of merry Miss Fanny Leslie as Prince Caprice.

The Gaiety rafters rang with laughter at Monday's matinée. Mr. E. Rose was the cause thereof. This clever young author had successfully accomplished the difficult task of dramatising Mr. F. Anstey's wonderfully droll and humorous story of "Vice Versa," in three tableaux, the adapter and Mr. C. H. Hawtreys being well supported in their delineations of Bultitude junior, and Bultitude senior, by Miss Laura Linden's bright realisation of the part of Dulcie and Mr. W. F. Hawtreys's embodiment of the rôle of the pedantic Dr. Grimstone. "Vice Versa" should enjoy a run.

The new comic opera of "Cymbia," composed by Mr. Florian Pascal, libretto by Mr. Harry Paulton, proves very attractive at the Strand, mainly through the arch acting and sweet singing of Mdlle. Camille d'Arville as Cymbia, the dulcet tenor songs of Mr. Henry Walsham as Carrow, and the drollery of Mr. Paulton as King Arthur.

Mr. Thomas Wilkinson appeared at St. James's Hall on Monday last, and gave various recitations. Mr. Wilkinson was specially successful in the portrayal of strongly marked sketches of character. Some musical selections were introduced by Herr Lehmeier and Miss Agnes Teyada.—Mr. John L. Child gave a dramatic and miscellaneous recital at this hall on Thursday, interspersed with incidental music and part-songs.

Last month the Fishmongers' Company seized at and near Billingsgate 4 tons 15 cwt. of fish as unfit for human food.

## THE SILENT MEMBER.

A suggestive coincidence! Almost simultaneously with the publication in the *Times* of Lord Randolph Churchill's letters against the "dual control" of the Conservative Party, there has been a marked increase in the acerbity of the Marquis of Salisbury's criticisms of Ministerial policy and action. This implacable hostility was noticeable on Monday, when the second of Lord Randolph's epistles proclaiming Lord Salisbury the best available Conservative leader appeared in all the dignity of large type. Was the noble Marquis involuntarily led to justify his dashing young henchman's choice of him as sole chief? It may have appeared so to some.

This uncompromising spirit on the part of the Marquis of Salisbury seemed to grow as the evening waxed later on Monday. That peculiarly candid friend of the Government, Lord Brabourne, had, at the outset of the sitting, sought to cast a reflection on our present policy in South Africa in the insidious form of a question. But his Lordship was met with a characteristically cool rejoinder from the Earl of Derby, who said he could neither confirm nor deny the accuracy of the news that the Boers had come to terms with the Chief Mapoch. There followed a prolonged debate, raised by Lord Lytton, who, dutifully imitating to the best of his ability the oratorical style of the late Lord Beaconsfield in so far as action went, fell into an error his departed leader rarely committed of late years, and was guilty of the fault of making an excessively long speech in condemning the course adopted in India by Lord Ripon in fostering local self-government and appointing native Judges. Lord Ripon's predecessor as Viceroy was warmly supported by the Earl of Carnarvon and by two previous Secretaries for India, Lord Cranbrook and the Marquis of Salisbury, the last named in a clear, incisive speech protesting against "political hypocrisy," and maintaining that the coloured millions of India "know perfectly well that they are governed by a superior race, and that all this talk is hollow and unreal." It is well known that Lord Salisbury possesses an armoury of trenchant sentences of this kind. His thrusts are most neatly warded off by Earl Granville; but the noble Earl happened, to the regret of all, to have fallen a victim to the epidemic of lumbago, and could not leave his house on Monday. In his absence the Earl of Kimberley, Lord Selborne, and Lord Northbrook found little difficulty in rebutting the arguments produced; Ministers justified the steps taken by Lord Ripon on the reasonable grounds that his Lordship was but following the course recommended by such sagacious Viceroys of the past as Lord Lawrence and Lord Mayo. Later there came before the Lords the Explosives Bill, only brought into the Lower House that evening. No less a "master of flouts and sneers" now than when Lord Beaconsfield fastened that epithet upon him, Lord Salisbury lashed the Government with his harshest epithets for daring to press this measure on in a panic with such abnormal speed. This rhetorical punishment was applied with such vigour that Lord Kimberley was roused from his habit of complacent composure to express his indignation. Contenting himself, however, with the crack of his whip, the noble Marquis allowed the bill to be pushed through all its stages. Her Majesty's consent to this measure was signified by the Lord Chancellor, Lord Sydney, and Lord Monson as Royal Commissioners on Tuesday. There ensued a Scottish innings, Lord Selborne's Representative Peers' Bill being read a second time, and Lord Galloway's measure on the same subject not.

The Commons having before their eyes every day the unwearied vigilance with which the Houses of Parliament in a period of peril are guarded by Inspector Denning's admirable body of Police, there was a substantial reason for the general cheering that greeted the high commendations of Sir Edmund Henderson's force on Monday by Sir William Harcourt and Sir Richard Cross. It is to be hoped the pluck which the detectives showed in arresting the men found with dangerously large quantities of nitro-glycerine in their possession, and in removing the explosives to a place of safety, will not go unrewarded. The House felt that public safety demanded the instant acceptance of the Home Secretary's Explosives Bill, by the passing of which those found guilty of feloniously causing an explosion will be liable to penal servitude for life, whilst for persons implicated in attempts to break the law in this direction the punishment will be twenty years' hard labour, inciters to the crime being also brought within the grasp of the comprehensive Act.

This "burning question" disposed of, Mr. Childers merits a word for the Budget he adroitly delivered on the 5th inst. Having to account for an expenditure far too large to be palatable to a Party one of whose watchwords is "Economy," the Chancellor of the Exchequer boldly threw the blame on the previous Administration, whom he accused of having left the Government a legacy of debt they had to discharge. The pith of the financial statement was that, whereas the revenue and expenditure for the past year came respectively to £89,004,000 and £88,906,000, leaving a surplus of £98,000, the revenue of the ensuing year was computed at £88,480,000, providing a surplus of £2,691,000, which will enable Mr. Childers to remit £10,000 of the duty on silver (to be kept in bond), to put by £170,000 in order to reduce the price of inland telegrams to sixpence, to take off the Railway Passenger Duty on all fares of a penny a mile with the understanding that better accommodation should be provided in workmen's trains, and finally to lower the Income-tax to 5d. by taking off the 1½d. added for the War in Egypt. Mr. Childers would then be left with a balance in hand of £240,000. On the morrow, the Prime Minister blandly disarmed Mr. Rylands by accepting his resolution in favour of economy. The financial parable was taken up on Monday by Mr. Hubbard, who broached his theory for the reduction of the National Debt; and Mr. Childers was also called upon to repel the more or less lively attacks of Mr. W. H. Smith, Lord George Hamilton, and Sir Stafford Northcote. But the Chancellor of the Exchequer gained his point—his vote.

Mr. O'Connor Power on Tuesday secured the attention which his rare eloquence, ability, and earnestness demanded for his proposal for the relief of the chronic distress in the west of Ireland by means of organised migration and emigration. But the Irish Secretary could not accept the scheme to grant a Government loan of five millions to enable 25,000 families to buy 500,000 acres of waste lands whereon to live. So Lord Lyndington's amendment favouring the emigration alternative came to be accepted by 99 against 33 votes—but only to be rejected when put as a substantive motion.

Yet another Irish measure, Mr. Barry's bill for granting Irish Counties electoral bodies—County self-government, in brief—was under discussion on Wednesday, but was negatived by 231 votes against 58. The week, which opened hopefully with the dealing of the Grand Committee on Trade (well presided over by Mr. Goschen) with the Bankruptcy Bill introduced by Mr. Chamberlain, closes with the resumed Transvaal debate.

The Royal Thames Yacht Club has issued the sailing programme of the season, with prizes amounting to £1000.





1. John-street, Dublin, where Mr. Foster was to have been murdered.  
2. The Royal Oak, Park-street, where James Carey watched the gang assembling.  
3. The Chapel-road, by which the assassins left the Park after the murders.

4. The Church of St. James, Dublin.  
5. The Church of St. James, Dublin.  
6. The Church of St. James, Dublin.

7. A road leading to the Chapel-road, near the spot where the murders were committed.  
8. The Church of St. James, Dublin.  
9. The Church of St. James, Dublin.

10. The Church of St. James, Dublin.  
11. The Church of St. James, Dublin.  
12. The Church of St. James, Dublin.

13. The Church of St. James, Dublin.  
14. The Church of St. James, Dublin.  
15. The Church of St. James, Dublin.

16. The Church of St. James, Dublin.  
17. The Church of St. James, Dublin.  
18. The Church of St. James, Dublin.



## PARISIAN SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

Paris, Tuesday, April 10.

Society people still continue to pass their afternoons at the Concours Hippique, watching with eager interest the intrepid gentlemen and military riders who risk their necks over innumerable hurdles and walls and water-jumps. The other distractions of the week have been the flower show in the Champs Elysées and the Narischkine sale; to which must now be added a retrospective exhibition of Japanese art, organised in the gallery of the Rue de Sèze by M. Louis Gonsse, director of the *Gazette des Beaux Arts*. Most of the Parisian collectors have contributed, and the result is an exhibition which, for extent, variety, and choice, had never before been seen in Paris. All the departments of Japanese art are represented—embroidery, painting, pottery, lacquer and metal-work, both ornamental bronzes, and particularly those wonderful sabre-guards in iron, bronze, and silver, and in combinations of these metals, masterpieces in which may be seen all the exquisite beauty, grace, and fineness of workmanship of Japanese art. In one case is exhibited the immense work of the most universal and remarkable of Japanese artists, Ho-ku-sai; in another, bronzes and ivory *netzkés*; in another, pottery; in another, silks; while the walls are hung with *kakemonos*, *foukousas*, squares of embroidery, screens, and arms. The general aspect of the exhibition-room is dazzling in colour and brilliancy, and the multitude and beauty of the objects displayed will afford days and weeks of delightful study to amateurs. The exhibition will remain open until May 6.

The sale of Prince Narischkine's pictures last Thursday was quite an event in the world of amateurs. The catalogue comprised eighty-five numbers, which realised a total of 1,072,000*f*. Albert Durer's portrait of the Senator Muffel was bought for the Berlin Museum at 78,000*f*.; Rembrandt, portrait of an old woman, 51,000*f*.; Rubens, studies of negroes' heads, 55,000*f*.; Pieter de Hoogh, "The Consultation," 160,000*f*.; Troyon, "L'Abreuvoir," 80,000*f*.; Terburg, woman drinking, 55,000*f*.; Reynolds, portrait of Miss Clark, 18,000*f*. The purchasers were nearly all private individuals. The Louvre Museum, having, as usual, no money, could buy nothing; and the Americans, influenced perhaps by the new tariff, which has rather upset the market, did not buy a single picture.

The famous Catholic journalist and polemic Louis Veuillot died last Saturday after a protracted illness, at the age of seventy. Son of a poor cooper, Veuillot began life by sweeping out a lawyer's office, educated himself sufficiently to gain his living as a provincial journalist at the age of nineteen, visited Rome during Holy Week in 1833, and was so impressed that he became a convert. Henceforward he devoted his life to the defence of the interests of the Church; and for more than thirty years, as editor of the *Univers* newspaper, he exercised a ferocious tyranny over the French clergy of all ranks, attacking furiously all who appeared favourable to Gallicanism or even timid in presence of the exaggerations of Ultramontanism. Veuillot was a master journalist, acknowledged even by his adversaries to be the first journalist and polemic of his time, a writer of elegant and pure French, and at the same time the most venomous, the most unlovable, and the most hated man of the century. Veuillot, besides his newspaper articles, wrote a number of volumes in prose and verse. To those who wish to make the acquaintance of Veuillot's style in an agreeable manner I recommend his novel *L'Honnête Femme*, which is more or less autobiographical, and which contains some ferocious pictures of French provincial life.

The deputies being still absent from Paris, the newspapers have fallen back upon the discussion of the Gallifet incident, a difference between General de Gallifet and the Minister of War relative to autumn cavalry manoeuvres. The moral of this affair is that the example of Major Labordère and the interference of officers in political matters is by no means in the interest of French army reform.—The Monasterio case has acquired a new interest by the assassination of one of the heroines, Madame Chaleton, by her husband, who was exasperated at the manner in which his wife dishonoured his name.—Prince Louis of Bavaria and his wife, the Infante Doña Maria de la Paz, have arrived in Paris, and a grand fête was given in their honour at the Spanish Embassy last night. Their Royal Highnesses leave Paris for Munich to-day.—Amongst the thirty-nine female students on the books of the Paris Medical School in the year 1881-2, there were eleven English, ten French, nine Russians, five Americans, one Hungarian, one Pole, one Roumanian, and one Indian. Whether the Indian lady was an Oriental or a North American the report of the Faculty fails to state. T. C.

In the Italian Senate on Saturday last Signor Pantaleone expressed his approval of Signor Mancini's policy with respect to the relations between Italy, Austria, and Germany. On Sunday Signor Magliani, the Minister of Finance, made his statement in the Chamber as to the finances of the country. The revenue of the year had been 24,000,000 lire greater than in 1882, and an equal increase was shown in the amount saved by the Government.—It is stated that forty persons were killed and many others injured near Rome by the explosion of some gunpowder stored for some works on the Florence Railway.

Señor Castelar, in the Spanish Chamber of Deputies last Saturday, blamed the Government for not having, according to promise, abolished the Parliamentary oath, which was, he said, utterly useless. Señor Sagasta maintained the views of the Government, allowing an affirmation to be substituted when required, each form containing the words, "Legitimate King of Spain." In this form the bill passed.

The King of the Belgians has commuted the capital sentence on the brothers Peltzer into penal servitude for life.

The tercentenary of the birth of Grotius, the great Dutch jurist, was celebrated on Tuesday at Delft; and a public subscription was opened for the erection of a monument.

The Crown Princess of Germany has been suffering from neuralgic headache, but she has entirely recovered, and on Tuesday, with the Crown Prince, attended the fiftieth anniversary of the Hebrew Orphan Asylum.—At a costume ball given on Monday at Potsdam by the officers of the Prussian Guards quartered there, one quadrille was danced by sixteen couples in Highland costumes, Prince William being arrayed in the dress of a Highland chief of the twelfth century, presented to him by the Prince of Wales.—Prince Frederick Charles has returned to Berlin from his travels in Egypt and Palestine.—The Reichstag reassembled on the 3rd inst. The President informed the House that during the recess further numerous donations had been received for the relief of the sufferers from the recent floods, and that the greater proportion of them had come from America. The House subsequently adopted a vote expressing, in the name of the nation, most heartfelt thanks to the generous donors.—The National Theatre of Berlin—the largest building of its class in the German capital—was destroyed by fire last week.

A fire, originating in a bakery, has destroyed 145 cottages in the village of Vallorbes, canton of Vaud. No one was hurt.

The preparations for the coronation of the Czar are proceeding rapidly. The regalia has been dispatched to Moscow.—On Monday morning the Nihilist trial commenced in St. Petersburg.

The American National Rifle Association have organised a competition for the selection of a team to represent America at Wimbledon.—Mr. Peter Cooper, a well-known millionaire and philanthropist, died last week of pneumonia, at the age of ninety-two. He was the founder of the Cooper's Institute, New York.—An hotel in Texas has fallen in, taken fire, and been burned. Fourteen persons are said to have perished in the disaster, and others to have been injured.

It is stated in Ottawa, on authority, that Princess Louise was to leave Bermuda on the 10th on her return to Canada, arriving on the 17th inst.—Five steamers loaded with immigrants arrived at Victoria (Vancouver Island) last week. No difficulty has been found in finding employment for them.

A telegram from Simla states that it is practically settled that Lord Ripon will resign the Indian Viceroyalty at the end of the present year.

The Queen has approved the appointment of Colonel R.W. Harley to be Lieutenant-Governor of British Honduras.

## CITY ECHOES.

WEDNESDAY.

The Budget has proved very attractive to business people. The discontinuance of the addition to the income-tax rendered necessary by the Egyptian campaign, the reduction of the minimum charge for telegrams to sixpence, and the modification of the duty upon railway passenger fares are all real concessions to the public wishes, and they at the same time distinctly relieve the working cost of business. No less interest ought to be taken in the really masterly plan of Mr. Childers to secure an important reduction in the national debt during the next twenty years. It is proposed to at once take £40,000,000 of the stock held by the Court of Chancery and £30,000,000 of that held by the Savings Bank Commissioners, together £70,000,000, and to cancel such amount, undertaking to pay terminable annuities in satisfaction thereof—£2,674,000 for twenty years in respect of the £40,000,000, while in respect of the £30,000,000 there are to be paid £1,200,000 for five years, £1,200,000 for ten years, and £1,200,000 for fifteen years. As both the Court of Chancery and the Savings Bank Commissioners will need, to each year buy stock to replace the stock cancelled, it is worth while to work out what these purchases will amount to. The Court of Chancery at present receives £1,200,000 a year on the £40,000,000 stock to be cancelled, while the annuity for twenty years is to be £2,674,000. It follows that each year for that period £1,474,000 will have to be spent in the purchase of stock.

The £30,000,000 of stock to be acquired from the Savings Bank account at present brings in £900,000, while for the terms agreed upon the Treasury will pay over £3,600,000. It in this case follows that £2,500,000 will each year have to be expended in the purchase of stock. Including interest on stock so acquired, the united funds to be reinvested will exceed four millions a year. Moreover, as each of three annuities of £1,200,000 falls in, it is provided that it be renewed for fifteen years, and the amount of stock then acquired will be very large. There are some other points in the same direction, and the net result of all these arrangements is that within twenty years there will be thereby cancelled as much as £172,000,000 of stock. This would bring the national indebtedness down to about £650,000,000. It is intended to keep up the fixed sum set apart for the service of the debt, so that in proportion as the interest charge is reduced will the surplus for cancellation increase. The Stock Exchange is interested in canvassing opinion as to the probable effect upon the market of buyers under one head of four millions of stock a year. The floating supply is already so small, and is so surely decreasing, that important results must follow. Some think that the price of Consols will rise, and to an extent they may, but the liability to be paid off at par will for certain restrain such movement, and my own impression is that the chief effect will be seen in the advancing value of the 2½ per cents, and a general and growing recognition of the probability of this class of stock ultimately taking the place of the present 3 per cents.

The announcements regarding the Railway passenger duty were received almost without preparation, for though in advance of the Budget speech there was for about an hour a rise in railway stocks on a rumour that the duty was to be taken off, the idea was so opposed to the prevailing view that it was speedily scouted as improbable, and prices then relapsed. The general effect of the proposed alterations in the duty will apparently be to increase dividends by about ¼ to ½ per cent, but the relief is wholly confined to low fares and town traffic, and it happens that some lines will gain very much more than others. Metropolitan District Stock rose about 4 on the Budget, for not only will the company nearly escape the tax altogether, but its circumstances make such a relief relatively greater than it can be in any other case. As the effect of the relief, we may expect all railway companies to still further extend facilities for third-class traffic.

Quite an important change has come over many groups of United States Railways since the return to ease in the New York money market, and what is still more significant, the downward course of Grand Trunk stocks has been arrested. All last week efforts were made to devise some basis of negotiation between the Grand Trunk and Canadian Pacific Companies, and no sooner was this known than speculative sellers held back, and long-suffering holders for a rise felt encouraged to yet wait on. As I write, it seems likely that a permanent arrangement will be come to, when it will be possible for these two powerful corporations and their numerous allies to combine to work for the development of Canada, than which no part of the world shows at this time so many signs of life and so many openings for the safe and profitable application of the surplus labour and resources of the country. T. S.

A conference of delegates from Metropolitan vestries and district boards held at the Mansion House on Tuesday to consider the question of cab radius, resolved to ask the Home Secretary to extend the radius from four to five miles from Charing-cross.

By permission of the Duke of Westminster, an illuminated address and a portrait of Mr. Ernest Hart were on Tuesday presented to Mrs. Hart at Grosvenor House, in recognition of the services rendered to the medical profession and the public by Mr. Hart during the past twenty years.

Compared with the first quarter of 1882, the emigration from Liverpool this year has been very small. In the three months just ended the figures were 23,236, and in the corresponding period of 1882 they were 34,333. Last month (March) 11,608 emigrants took their departure from the Mersey, being 8802 below the figures for March 1882.

## THE COURT.

Complete rest being necessary for the restoration of her Majesty's health since her untoward accident, the Queen has received visits only from the members of her family. The Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh have been to see her, and Princess Christian pays daily visits, frequently with Princess Beatrice accompanying her Majesty in her pony-chair drives, and also dining with her. Princess Beatrice drove to Claremont last Saturday on a congratulatory visit to the Duke and Duchess of Albany, it being his Royal Highness's thirtieth birthday anniversary, due honours upon which were paid at Windsor. Divine service was attended by the Princess on Sunday in the private chapel of the castle, the Hon. and Rev. Francis E. C. Byng officiating.

The Duke of Teck and various other guests arrived at Sandringham last Saturday on a visit to the Prince and Princess of Wales. Their Royal Highnesses and their daughters, with the Duke and Duchess of Teck and their other visitors, were at Divine service on Sunday at the parish church, the Rector and the Rev. T. Teignmouth Shore officiating. The Royal party at Sandringham broke up on Monday, the Duke and Duchess of Teck and others of the party coming to town. The Prince was present at Newmarket on Tuesday, at the opening of the Craven meeting. Among the Prince's varied duties shortly after the opening of the new building of the City of London College, in Moorfields, and also that of the Princess Alice Memorial Hospital at Eastbourne; and the presiding, on June 1, at the sixty-ninth anniversary festival of the Royal Hospital for Diseases of the Chest, at Willis's Rooms.

The Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh dined with Viscount and Viscountess Holmesdale at their house in Hereford-gardens last Saturday, and with the Queen at Windsor on Sunday. His Royal Highness was in the Peers' Gallery of the House of Commons on Monday when the Home Secretary moved for leave to bring in the Explosives Bill; and he presided at the dinner given to Lord Alcester by the members of the Empire Club in Grafton-street, the Duke of Teck being present. The Duchess went to the Vaudeville Theatre.

The Duke of Connaught laid the foundation-stone of St. Ann's Church, at Bagshot, on Monday, with Masonic rites. The Queen has given £100 and his Royal Highness £200 to the object. The Duchess of Connaught received purses in aid of the building fund, the first offering being made by the little Princess Margaret of Connaught.

The Duke and Duchess of Albany were at Drury Lane Theatre on Monday evening, and on Wednesday they went to the Royal Albert Hall, with the King and Queen of the Netherlands and the Duchess of Edinburgh, to hear the performance of Berlioz's "Faust" by the Royal Albert Hall Choral Society. The new steel single-screw corvette Calypso will be launched on June 7, it is stated, by the Duchess; and the Duke has arranged to distribute the midsummer prizes at Marlborough College on July 24.

The King and Queen of the Netherlands, since their arrival at Otlands Park Hotel, have visited Hampton Court Palace, and have also been in town paying visits. Their Majesties are often with the Duke and Duchess of Albany at Claremont.

The Duke of Cambridge returned to Gloucester House last Saturday from Portsmouth, from an official visit to the southwestern district. He will preside at the annual festival of the British Home for Incurables on the 20th inst.

## THE CHURCH.

The Bishop of London has appointed the Rev. Charles McDowall, D.D., Head Master of Highgate School, to the Prebendal Stall of Mora, founded in St. Paul's Cathedral.

The post of Principal of the Salisbury Diocesan Theological College, rendered vacant by the resignation of the Rev. E. B. Otley, has been conferred upon the Rev. B. Whiteford, M.A. Oxford, late Senior Curate of St. Maurice, Winchester.

At the Convocation of York on the 5th inst. resolutions were passed in favour of obtaining additional clergy by the appointment of a permanent diaconate or otherwise, and urging that cathedrals should be brought into closer relation with diocesan work.

The Bishop of Rochester, preaching on Sunday morning at All Saints' Church, Blackheath, on behalf of the Rochester Diocesan Society, said that it was only the other day he made an appeal for £50,000 to build ten new churches for congregations who are waiting for them, and already £40,000 had been subscribed.

Miss C. Hutton, of Lincoln, has given £4000 to the Church Missionary Society, £500 to the Pastoral Aid Society, £200 to the London City Mission, and £500 to the Bishop of Rupert's Land, to be applied to the establishment of a scholarship or fellowship at the College of St. John, Winnipeg, for the benefit of sons of native Indians.

The chapel belonging to Lincoln's Inn, which was closed in August, 1881, for enlargement and restoration, was reopened on Sunday, the sermon at the morning service being preached by the Archbishop of York, who formerly held the office of preacher in the same place. In its extended form the chapel includes nearly 300 sittings, about one third being reserved for the use of the public. The total cost of the various changes is about £14,000. The restoration of the crypt is going on.

An effective window, by Messrs. Mayer and Co., representing Christ blessing children, has been placed in St. Nicholas' Church, Blundellsands, near Liverpool. It is the gift of the children belonging to the congregation.—Another window, of three lights, has been put up in St. Stephen's, South Kensington, in memory of Mr. John Robert Wright.—The church of Harwood Dale, near Scarborough, has received an addition to its painted glass of two windows (from the studio of Mr. Taylor, of Berners-street), the gift of the Rector, the Rev. C. Johnstone.

Both Houses of Convocation of the Province of Canterbury met on Tuesday; the members of the Upper House assembling in Queen Anne's Bounty Office, Dean's-yard, Westminster, and the members of the Lower House in the dining-hall of the Westminster School. The Archbishop of Canterbury presided in the Upper House, in which the first business was the adoption of an address to be placed on the minutes recording the grief of the Bishops and clergy at the loss of the late Archbishop, under whose rule it was stated that the Church of England had become more popular than it had been previously for more than 250 years. In the Lower House the address was also adopted. The Prelates discussed the mode in which the operations of the Salvation Army were conducted, and in reference to this some unfavourable opinions were expressed.

There were 2928 births and 1940 deaths registered in the Metropolitan last week. The deaths included 1 from smallpox, 51 from measles, 15 from scarlet fever, 20 from diphtheria, 42 from whooping-cough, and 3 from typhus. In Greater London 3796 births and 3298 deaths were registered.



## SPRING EXHIBITIONS.

Among the exhibitions we had not space to notice last week are those at the galleries of Mr. McLean and Messrs. Tooth, in the Haymarket. In both, English pictures predominate, but there are also foreign works of mark.

Mr. Tooth has again secured a half-length by Mr. Millais—the “Olivia” of the Vicar of Wakefield, in a smart Sunday, figured chintz gown, on her way to church, the sweet face, seen nearly in profile, wearing a shadow of sadness; but the picture can hardly be scored as a conspicuous success. “Salmon from Skye,” by Mr. Hook, if not a new picture, is new to us, and a fine work, though grayer and duller in effect than usual. There are “examples” of other prominent painters of our school, particularly Mr. Leader—a bright, pleasant, but in colour rather monotonous “View of the Llugwy,” at the head of the room; Mr. Pettie—“Isaac Walton” as a boy indulging in the “Contemplative Man’s Recreation,” his tastes being more developed than his legs; Mr. F. Holl—“No Tidings,” a lugubrious family in a cottage shrouded in inky shadows; Mr. E. Long—an effective “Phillis” by the sea-shore; and some small female figures by Mr. Boughton, which have, even in a higher degree than usual, a nameless charm of dainty primness. There are besides landscapes, of the slightest, by Peter Graham and J. McWhirter, brilliant views of Ehrenbreitstein and St. Malo by James Webb, a reduction by S. E. Waller of his Academy picture “Success”; a charming female figure, “Tired,” by Heywood Hardy; a monastic subject by W. Dendy Sadler; and marine pieces by J. Brett—in one of which (17) the “racing” of the waves is rendered almost to the point of illusion. The most striking foreign picture is “The Rehearsal” by the Spanish painter Luis Jimenez—an old maestro coaching a motley choir aided by a young lady at the harpsichord, the figures in costumes of the end of the last century. In this *tour de force*, there are a skill of composition and science of arrangement of bright bits of colour, an accuracy of draughtsmanship, and a bravura of handling perfectly under control, which are unknown in our school. Yet we feel that (as in other pictures of the Hispano-Roman school) the art is factitious, and has no reference to any of the higher instincts, but is too much that of the showman and man-milliner. Sorbi’s group of Italians playing the game of “Mora” is also clever, but garish and less deft in touch. More sympathetic to us are Rubens’s picture of feeding the pigeons on the Piazza St. Marco, and “Sweet Words,” a couple of Venetian lovers, by E. de Blaas—which has beautiful passages of colour. These two artists, like our Messrs. Fildes, Woods, and Logsdale, have formed, or do form, part of the knot of artists at Venice who, with Van Haanen at their head, are producing much good work.

The foreign pictures at Mr. McLean’s Exhibition are rather more numerous. Among them is a female study by Van Haanen, “The Coquette”—masterly, but hardly revealing his peculiar excellence of colouring. Two pictures by Pierre Billet are, at least in composition, more acceptable than the larger “Gleaners” at the French Gallery. In one, “Waiting the Fisherman’s Return,” a girl lies prone on a rock, her face resting on her hands as she looks out to sea; her little brother and sister being near her. The colouring is powerful yet delicate, and there is a fine sense of breezy opalescent seaside atmosphere. Similar praise is due to the “Toilers of the Sea”—a party of girl shrimpers. The attitude of the central figure is especially happy. The name—new to us—of F. Liardo is attached to a remarkable small picture representing numerous figures amassing, on the Alps or the Appennines, the snow that takes the place of ice in Italy during the summer heat. The varied actions of the figures denote close observation; the darkening effect of an impending storm is equally well rendered; and the picture is finished with miniature-like delicacy. Another oil miniature of great truth is E. Feyen’s “Mussel Gatherers.” A tiny “arquebuser,” by Meissonier, easily carries off the palm, however, for a microscopic completeness, accompanied by a breadth and freedom of touch in which, perhaps, the master has never been equalled on the same scale. “The Mill-stream—with Cattle,” by Van Marke, is an effective, powerful picture, by an artist deservedly esteemed in Paris. There are also good examples of Palmaroli—a gem-like picture, “La Liseuse,” E. Frère, Roeloffs, Fantin, Cima, Munthe, and other foreign artists; Walter Gay, an American painter, but Gallicised, we need hardly say, presents considerable promise in “The Armourer’s Shop.” The works by English painters represent many well-known names; but, for reasons already given, detailed observations will not be necessary. Mr. Long’s “Glaucé” presents a beauty of tone and refinement for which we confess we were hardly prepared. Two moderate-sized landscapes by Mr. Leader are, to our mind preferable to his larger picture at the neighbouring gallery. Mr. Peter Graham, however, is even more superficial than usual in “The Home of the Seagull.” Of two lovely little pictures by A. Moore, one is, strange to say, quite novel in subject. Mr. Fildes’s “Roses” and “At Church” have admirable qualities of colour in different keys. Of Mr. Boughton’s female subjects we have but to repeat the commendation we have offered elsewhere. Mr. Macbeth’s “Betrothed” is very sweet in sentiment, but the style of the new Associate seems to be hardly yet very mature. We must be content to commend to the visitor’s notice the pretty “Brunette” by J. B. Burgess, Seymour Lucas’s “Puritan Soldier,” views at home and abroad by J. Webb, W. Linnell’s “Holmwood, near Dorking,” E. Hume’s “Summer Afternoon,” and the works by W. S. Coleman, E. Ellis, and Stuart Lloyd.

At the Fine-Art Society’s Galleries in Bond-street are twenty-two pictures of children by English artists. The room in which they are hung was lately metamorphosed into an “arrangement in yellow” by Mr. Whistler; but is now an arrangement in blue, which has a disastrous effect upon most of the oil-paintings, excepting perhaps Sir Frederick Leighton’s “Yasmeeneh” (Jasmine)—and that because its ultra-marine half-tints in the carnations, white dress, and purple background, suffer little from the blue patterned chintz wall-covering. Some of the pictures are old acquaintances, including “Grandfather’s Pet,” by Mr. Herkomer; three drawings by Mrs. Allingham, and “Evie Bacche,” by J. R. Weguelin, “The Captive,” by Mr. Millais—presumably a Greek girl, in Turkish servitude, carrying a silver salver with lemons—unites robust power of painting with refined feeling for beauty and expression in a manner quite worthy of the master. Even for him, the beauty and harmony of the colouring are remarkable. Pretty motives for portraits appear in Mr. Calderon’s “Captain of the Eleven”—a little cricketer standing (not too correctly) before his wicket; Mr. J. Collier’s “Sonatina”—a girl with a violin; Mr. B. Rivière’s “Mother Hubbard”—a girl at a cupboard looking for her “poor dog’s bone”; and “The Lost Bird,” by Mr. Marcus Stone—a little girl with an empty cage. “The First” and “The Last Day of the Holidays,” companion pictures, by Mr. G. D. Leslie, tell their simple tale with the artist’s customary naïve charm, though the painting is not very careful. “Settling a Difference,” by Mrs. Alma Tadema—a boy and girl back to back for grandmamma to decide which is the taller, is delightful in feeling and admirable in execution.

At the King-street galleries, Mr. E. F. White shows over a hundred pictures, most of which are good, and many new. Mr. Millais’s “Stowaway” in the hold of a ship, listening to the voices of the sailors who are about to discover him, is as dramatically conceived as it is powerfully painted. We must be content to add that there are pictures by Poole, J. Linnell, F. Holl, H. W. B. Davis, J. Pettie, A. Bonheur, Munkacsy, Duez, Chevreillard, and other well-known artists.

## WORKS FOR THE ROYAL ACADEMY AND GROSVENOR GALLERY.

The subjoined is a list of some of the principal works destined for the ensuing exhibitions in Piccadilly and Bond-street. Criticism is avoided, as it would be premature and unfair. The letters “R.A.” and “G.” denote that the works may be looked for at the Royal Academy or Grosvenor Gallery. We commence with the contributions of Academicians in alphabetical order.

Alma Tadema: “An Oleander,” a girl seated in an implevium smelling at a bloom of the plant; “On the Way to the Temple,” diploma picture from the Academy collection; a composition of two lovers; R.A.; two portraits, G.—P. H. Calderon: “Joyous Summer,” a large decorative composition with female figures; “The Faithful Heart,” an old labourer placing flowers on his wife’s grave; R.A.—T. Faed: “They had been Boys together,” the visit to a prosperous man of a poor schoolfellow; “The Waifu Heart,” from Burns’ “Logan Braes”; R.A.—W. P. Frith: “The Private View of the Royal Academy, 1881,” with numerous portraits; “Honeymooning in Switzerland”; R.A.—Sir John Gilbert: “The Baron’s Raid”; “Thomas à Becket,” lying dead at the foot of the altar; “Don Quixote at the Castle of the Duke”; R.A.—F. Goodall: “The Interior of a Cairene Café”; “Bazaar in Cairo”; R.A.—J. R. Herbert: a portrait of the Premier; a life-size figure of the Virgin; a musician singing for his liberty to banditti; R.A.—J. C. Hook: coast and Surrey scenes; R.A.—F. Holl: several portraits; R.A. and G.—J. C. Horsley: “Wedding Rings”; a young couple at a goldsmith’s window, with a widow offering her own wedding-ring for sale; R.A.—G. D. Leslie: “Daughters of Eve”; washergirls despoiling an apple-tree; R.A.—Sir F. Leighton: a long decorative picture with nude female figures, children, and orange trees; a pensive female figure; a seated child; R.A.—E. Long: “The Daughters of Saul,” and a portrait; R.A. (A large picture upon which the artist has been lately engaged will probably be exhibited elsewhere).—H. S. Marks: “The Old Clock,” a man regulating same; “The Missing Link,” a scrivener searching for a document; “The Professor”; “The Gentle Craft”; R.A.—J. E. Millais: Portraits of Mr. Hook, the R.A., Lord Salisbury, and the artist’s daughter; “Une Grande Dame,” fancy picture of a little girl; “The Grey Lady,” a ghostly female figure seen by moonlight near turret stairs; R.A.—Portrait of the Duchess of Westminster; and “For the Squire”; G.—W. Q. Orchardson: A large picture illustrating an incident in the Life of Voltaire; R.A.—W. W. Oulless: Several portraits; R.A.—J. Pettie: “The Ransom,” a cave scene, with banditti; “The Jester’s Merry Thought”; R.A.—E. J. Poynter: “The Ides of March,” from Shakespeare’s “Julius Caesar”; R.A.—Bifton Rivière: “The Last of the Crew,” an Arctic mariner, with an Esquimaux dog by his side; a picture of the swine rushing down a steep place into the Lake of Galilee; “Giants at Play,” navvies watching a bull-pup’s gambols; R.A.—G. F. Watts: A seated child.—T. Woolner: Statue of the Queen, for Birmingham; bust of Mr. Gladstone; R.A.

We now come to the Associates of the Academy. C. B. Birch: “Lady Godiva” (probably); R.A.—J. E. Boehm: statue of Sir Francis Drake, for Tavistock; portrait busts, R.A.—G. H. Boughton: “The Sacred Mistletoe,” a young Druid priestess; “Suspected of Witchcraft”; “A Dutch Ferrying-Place”; R.A.; “The Peacemaker,” a priest settling a little matrimonial difference; G.—J. Brett: “Welsh Dragons”; “These Yellow Sands”; R.A.—J. B. Burgess: “Students of Salamanca”; R.A.—Frank Dicksee: “Too Late,” illustrating the five foolish virgins, and the song of “The Little Maid,” sung to Queen Guenivere at Amesbury; R.A.—S. Luke Fildes: “A Village Wedding”; R.A.—A. C. Gow: “An Incident in the Career of Prince Maurice of Orange”; and “The Future Prima Donna”; R.A.—E. J. Gregory: “The Return from the Drawing-room”; R.A.; Venetian Studies, G.—H. Herkomer: portraits, and “Natural Enemies,” a threatened quarrel in a Bavarian inn; R.A.; portraits; G.—B. W. Leader: “Pastures by the Still Waters,” R.A.—R. W. Macbeth: “A Flower Girl of Queen Anne’s Time selling her Hair to a Barber”; R.A.; “Sheep Shearing”; G.—P. R. Morris: “Foes or Friends,” children surrounded by deer (possibly); R.A.—“The Return from the Fête Dieu,” “The Ramblers”; G.—Val Prinsep: “The Bathing Ghats at Benares, on the Banks of the Holy Ganges”; R.A.—Marcus Stone: “An Offer of Marriage”; R.A.—G. A. Storey: An incident in the life of the elder Teniers; R.A.—H. Woods: “Preparing for the Communion,” a Venetian subject.

The following “outsiders” may be expected to be represented either at the Academy or Grosvenor. J. Archer: “Peter the Great preaching the first Crusade”; portraits.—E. Barclay: “Friends in Need,” rescuing calves from a flood.—F. Barnard: “The Jury,” from Bunyan’s “Pilgrim’s Progress.”—E. F. Britten: “Boys and Dolphins at Play,” decorative portions of a frieze.—N. Chevalier: “Sunny Climes,” a picture of Tahitian life.—G. Clausen: “Winter Work”; “Haymaking.”—J. Collier: several portraits, and an Egyptian subject representing waiting-maids at a feast.—E. H. Fahey: “Can He Forget,” a girl sitting on a stile; two Norfolk landscapes.—Heywood Hardy: “The Lion and his Love,” from Æsop’s “Fables.”—R. Hillingford: “A Musicians’ Gallery.”—W. Hughes: a composition of fruit and gold plate; “Juno’s Favourites,” a peacock and peahen on a gold and silver ground.—C. E. Johnson: two large landscapes.—Herbert Johnson: “Tiger Shooting in the Terai,” painted by command of the Prince of Wales.—J. D. Linton: “The Surrender,” one of the series of decorative pictures instalments of which have already been exhibited.—Logsdale: “The Eve of the Regatta,” two gondoliers; “Piazza San Marco, Venice.”—J. S. Noble: a deer-stalking scene.—J. O’Connor: “Amiens Cathedral”; “Windsor.”—E. Parton: “Bright September on the Pang.”—J. L. Potts: “The Ruling Passion,” an old gentleman having a cock-fight in his drawing-room, and forgetting his gout.—Poingdestre: a scene at the Carrara marble quarries.—Seymour Lucas: “A Whip for Van Tromp,” Samuel Pepys, Lord Sandwich, and others consulting on the model of a ship.—Dendy Sadler: “Blind Man’s Buff,” scene in a monastery.—John Scott: “The Apostates.”—Waller: “The Day of Reckoning,” a spendthrift’s horses, &c., being sold.—E. A. Waterlow: two coast scenes.—Haynes Williams: “Professional Critics,” matadors examining a picture of a bull-fight.—Stuart Wortley: “Partridge Shooting.”

These, of course, include only a fractional part of the works that have been sent in to Burlington House: many of them as good as most or all of those we have named.

## MUSICAL PUBLICATIONS.

Six songs, composed by F. H. Cowen (Chappell and Co.). This is a set of charming vocal pieces, in each of which a pleasing melody is enhanced by a characteristic and appropriate accompaniment. No. 1, entitled “Better Far,” is full of tender sentiment, with a pervading feature in the piano-forte part. No. 2, “Absence,” is smooth and flowing, with occasional good use of five-bar phrases. No. 3, “There is Dew for the Flow’ret” (words by Thomas Hood), is light and piquant in style. No. 4 (words by D. G. Rossetti), entitled “Parted Presence,” is another instance of the use of five-bar phrases. A simple and pleasing melody is allied to a very effective, although not difficult, moving accompaniment, including syncopations and arpeggios, in good contrast to the voice part. No. 5, “I Dreamed of Thee,” although unpretending, is full of gentle feeling. The words are by P. J. Bailey. No. 6 is a setting of Mr. Algernon Swinburne’s lines “If love were what the rose is,” in which the sentiment of the poet is well reflected in the music which Mr. Cowen has allied to the verses. All six pieces will be widely welcome in drawing-room circles. The songs have been successfully sung by Misses Santley and De Fonblanque; Nos. 2 and 3 having been given with special success by the first-named young lady at a recent Monday Popular Concert.

Among recent vocal publications by Messrs. R. Cocks and Co. may be specified “Dolly” a song, by Miss Philp, of a very lively and pleasing character. “The Little Minstrel,” a song in a flowing and melodious style, by Walter Spinney; and “In the Wood”—song, by J. F. Downes—which has somewhat the character (without plagiarism) of Schubert’s “Lieder.” Two bright pianoforte pieces—“Scintilla, Impromptu”; and “Natalie, Mazurka de Concert”—both by E. Claudet—are also published by Messrs. Cocks and Co.

Messrs. Ricordi (of London, Milan, Florence, Rome, and Naples) are continuing their valuable and inexpensive collection of pianoforte music entitled “L’Arte Antica e Moderna.” The latest issue is the seventeenth volume, which contains a series of pieces, in different styles, by Stefano Golinelli, an eminent Italian pianist of the present day. They are admirably written for the instrument, and are not only interesting musically, but are excellent as studies of mechanism and style. Signor Golinelli has evidently cultivated the pianist’s art, and composition for the instrument, in the best modern schools. The same publishers have also issued (in another cheap series entitled “Biblioteca del Pianista”) twenty-four preludes by Signor Golinelli, which, like the pieces mentioned above, are full of varied interest, and calculated to improve the student alike in executive skill and artistic phrasing. This composer unites with Italian suavity of melody somewhat of the romanticism of Schumann. Both the publications just specified are well worthy the attention of pianists. Messrs. Ricordi’s recent publications also include some very pleasing vocal pieces by F. P. Tosti. His “Patti Chiari,” “Povera Mamma,” “Aprile,” and “Ideale” are all in the smooth, flowing style of Italian melody. “Rime Popolari,” by L. Caracciolo, is the title of a series of six pleasing pieces (also published by Messrs. Ricordi), in which two voices are very effectively associated.

“Stabat Mater,” for soli, chorus, and orchestra, by Anton Dvorák (Novello, Ewer, and Co.). This work by the Bohemian composer (his op. 58) is one of his most recent productions, and has just been issued in the cheap octavo form so much in vogue now. Of the composition itself we have recently spoken in reference to its very successful performance at the concert of the London Musical Society.

The songs, “Anywhere,” by F. L. Moir; “The Sea-Shell’s Story,” by C. Vincent; and “A Golden Dream,” by C. Marshall; and “Aux Armes!” a march for the pianoforte, by G. Ferraris—all favourably noticed by us in a recent Number—were published by Messrs. R. Cocks and Co.

Messrs. Goupil and Co. have removed from Bedford-street, Covent Garden, to 116, New Bond-street, formerly the United Arts Galleries, now enlarged and handsomely redecorated. An exhibition will probably be held in them before long.

The sixteenth anniversary dinner of the London General Porters’ Benevolent Association was held last week at the Albion Tavern, Aldersgate-street, the Lord Mayor presiding. Subscriptions amounting to £1883 were announced.

An official trial-trip was made on the 5th inst. by the new Indian troop-ship Clive, built by Messrs. Laird, Birkenhead. The Director-General of Stores for India was on board. The Clive is 3000 tons register, with accommodation for 1100 persons. A speed of 13½ knots was recorded.

The Hon. Miss Ffrench, daughter of the Hon. Martin J. Ffrench, of Frescati, in the county of Dublin, and niece of Lord Ffrench, took the veil at the hands of the Bishop of Limerick, at Laurel-hill Convent, yesterday week. There was a large attendance of the relatives of the young lady.

Mr. John Pender, M.P., who has just given £25 to the Lord Mayor’s fund for the relief of the distress in the west of Scotland, presided on the 6th inst. over a social gathering of the London Ross and Cromarty Association at the Cannon-street Hotel. London Scots will find abundant wholesome recreation afforded by this genial society.

The marriage of Mr. Edmund Spencer Childers, of the Royal Engineers, son of the Right Hon. H. E. Childers, M.P., with Miss Matilda Florence Leslie, daughter of Mr. William Leslie, was solemnised by special license on Wednesday afternoon at the Savoy Chapel. The bride was accompanied by seven bridesmaids.

The freedom of the City, an address of thanks and congratulation, and a sword of honour were presented on Tuesday to Admiral Lord Alcester, G.C.B., and an address and a gold casket to General Lord Wolseley of Cairo, G.C.B., who was already a freeman of the City. The presentation took place in the Guildhall, which was fitted up in the magnificent style usual on state occasions. We have engraved the casket.

Intimation has been received in Shetland from Sir W. V. Harcourt that the Home Office has approved of the laws issued by the Fishery Board for Scotland, for the purpose of constituting the Shetland Islands into a fishery district under the Salmon Fishery Acts. This will put an end to the illegal and destructive methods of fishing that have been prevalent in the islands from time immemorial, and which have almost extinguished the trout.

The annual dinner of the Institution of Civil Engineers took place last Saturday evening at the Townhall, Kensington High-street—the president of the year, Mr. James Brunlees, occupying the chair. A large and distinguished company was present. The chief speeches were those delivered by Mr. Bright, who referred to the Channel Tunnel; and Lord Derby and Lord Kimberley, who spoke of the determination of the Government to put down outrages throughout the country. The American Minister denied that any true American, more than an Englishman, believed that assassination was war, or dynamite the raw material of politics.



The London Sunday School Choir, of which Sir Andrew Lusk, Bart., M.P., is President, was founded in 1871 for the objects, more especially, of promoting and improving the practice of part-singing, and generally cultivating a spirit of Christian unity, amongst Sunday School teachers, scholars, superintendents, and visitors, of different religious denominations. Mr. Luther Hinton, one of the Council for musical instruction and practice, has formed an advanced choir, which he has trained to a high degree of efficiency. At the annual Festival of the London Sunday School Choir, which was held on Wednesday week in the Royal Albert Hall, a concert was given in aid of the funds of the Royal College of Music; and the singing, performed by about 1600 selected voices, conducted by Mr. Luther Hinton, was very creditable to them and to their instructors. Among the audience were their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh, in honour of whom one of the pieces chosen for this performance was the Russian National Anthem. The organ was played by Mr. W. G. Horncastle. We give an illustration of the scene, which was a pleasant one for the eye to dwell upon. Following some anthems came Sterndale Bennett's charming quartet, "God is a Spirit" ("Woman of Samaria"), so admirably rendered that an encore was peremptorily insisted upon. The next prominent feature in the programme was the "Ave Maria" ("Meditation on a Prelude by Bach"), in which the soprano part was exquisitely rendered by Senorita Lucia Carreras; Miss Marie Schumann skilfully executing the violin obbligato, Miss Louisa Schumann accompanying on the pianoforte. This performance is shown in our minor illustration, and we must not omit to mention Mr. David Davies presiding at the organ. A quartet and chorus, specially composed by the last-named gentleman for this choir, entitled "Magnificat," was also received with great favour. The other pieces of sacred music comprised Richard Farrant's "Lord, for Thy tender mercy's sake"; Sir John Goss's "Oh, taste and see"; an anthem written by Dr. Hopkins, "Lift up your heads"; a

THE LONDON SUNDAY SCHOOL  
CHOIR  
AT THE ROYAL ALBERT  
HALL



Ave Maria



"Magnificat," and one or two more, all of which were enthusiastically applauded. The secular pieces included a selection from "Il Trovatore," played on the violin by Miss Marie Schumann, and some glees, part-songs, and choruses, from the works of Webbe, Auber, Stevens, Root, Sullivan, Benedict, and Pinsuti, with the national song, "Rule Britannia," admirably harmonised by Mr. G. Oakey. Scarcely any amount of praise is too high to bestow upon the manner in which the children of the London Sunday School Choirs have been trained.

The will of the late Mr. Frederick Stephens, of Kingsland-road, was disputed in the Probate Court, on the ground that the deceased, when he left his property to his nieces, instead of to his brother, was of unsound mind. The decision of a jury and the President of the Court on Saturday last was in favour of the disputed will, but the brother of the deceased was allowed his costs out of the estate.



## LIEUTENANT W. M. M. EDWARDS, V.C.

This young officer of the 2nd battalion Highland Light Infantry has been decorated with the Victoria Cross for his conspicuous bravery in leading a party to storm a redoubt at the battle of Tel-el-Kebir, in the recent Egyptian campaign. Lieutenant Edwards, who was in advance of his party, with great gallantry rushed alone into the battery and killed the artillery officer in charge; but was himself knocked down by a gunner, with a rammer, and was only rescued by the timely arrival of three men of his regiment. An officer who was present at the action writes that, immediately on Lieut. Edwards jumping over the parapet and rushing into the redoubt, he had the scabbard of his claymore shot away. He wrestled with an Egyptian, whom he shot through the head with his revolver; then he had a struggle with another, and shot him through the breast. Three Krupp guns in the battery were thus taken; but, in going for another gun, Lieutenant Edwards was knocked down, getting a scalp wound. When his claymore was broken in two, and he had fired every round in his revolver, he took an Egyptian officer's sword to carry on with. Having been struck down, he was rescued by three men of the regiment, and with their aid he cleared out the battery. He then bound up his wound with a towel, in Indian "puggaree" fashion, and thus he went on to the Tel-el-Kebir Station, some two miles and a half distance from the redoubt.

Lieutenant Edwards is son of Mr. H. W. Edwards, of Hardingham Hall, Norfolk; he was born in May, 1855, was educated at Eton, and at Trinity College, Cambridge, and entered the 74th Highlanders in March, 1877.

The distribution of medals, prizes, and certificates gained by the students of the Lambeth School of Art during the past two years was held yesterday week under the presidency of Canon Gregory. More than 1000 students passed through the school last year.



LIEUTENANT W. M. M. EDWARDS, V.C.

## BURNING OF THE PIER AT NICE.

The new Promenade Pier (La Jetée Promenade) which was still under construction, at Nice, was unfortunately destroyed by fire on Wednesday of last week. This structure, the work of an English Company, was nearly approaching completion. It had already been roofed, and was partially painted. It was used to great advantage at the regattas in the week before, and promised to become the most popular place of amusement in Nice. Extending out to sea a couple of hundred yards, it provided a magnificent promenade, with café and restaurants on the ground floor and galleries above, the whole being surmounted by a dome. About five o'clock in the evening a workman spilled some tar on the roof of this dome, and in five minutes the whole of the centre portion of the pier was in flames. At half-past six o'clock nothing was left but the iron pillars and supports. The Nice firemen only succeeded in saving the short approach to the main portion of the building. The workmen saved themselves by jumping into the sea, and all were rescued. The fire, while blazing, presented a brilliant spectacle from the town. The illustration is from a photograph taken by M. Busin, of Nice.

## INSTITUTE OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS.

The opening of the new galleries of the Institute of Painters in Water Colours by the Prince and Princess of Wales will take place on the 27th inst. The Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh, Princess Mary Adelaide of Teck, the Duke of Teck, and other members of the Royal family will be present. The Royal party will afterwards attend a concert in the Grand Hall, which is to be called "The Prince's Hall."

We present an illustration of the new building, situated on the south side of Piccadilly. The ground floor, in the front, is occupied by six shops, to which are attached the



BURNING OF THE PROMENADE PIER AT NICE.



THE NEW GALLERY OF THE INSTITUTE OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS, PICCADILLY.



rooms on the mezzanine floor above. Behind the shops is the grand hall, 113 ft. long and 44 ft. wide, having an entrance at each end, with adjacent retiring-rooms. This hall, which is handsomely decorated, will be used for concerts, balls, and public dinners, like Willis's Rooms. The grand staircase leads up to the three picture-galleries of the Institute, which are lighted entirely from the roof. The dimensions of the west gallery are 78 ft. by 28 ft. 5 in.; the centre gallery, nearly square, 45 ft. 9 in. by 41 ft. 9 in.; the east gallery, 70 ft. by 33 ft. 9 in. All the staircases are fireproof, and the warming and ventilating arrangements are very effective. The front of the building, in its upper part, is adorned with Grecian pilasters, and with busts of the eminent artists, Paul Sandby, John Cozens, Girtin, J. M. W. Turner, David Cox, De Wint, G. Barret, and W. Hunt, who have successively won repute in this branch of art. The architect is Mr. E. R. Robson.

The Exhibitions of the Institute will henceforth be opened to all painters in water-colours, as well as its own members; and it is intended to found a school of water-colour painting, and of drawing in black and white, giving free instruction to those who are successful candidates in a prescribed competitive examination. Their Royal Highnesses the Crown Princess of Germany and Princess Beatrice are honorary members of the Institute, which comprises many of the leading artists in its own department of work, and is destined, we hope, to attain a high degree of prosperity and usefulness, with increasing public favour.

### HITTING IT OFF.

Some moment like this nearly every hunting man keeps in fond remembrance, loving to recall the personal incidents associated with it, and perhaps investing these by each mental repetition with some slight halo of romance. Looking at this picture of a scene so familiar, do we not feel again the keen fresh breeze that wafts the "subtle essence" to nostrils that revel in it; hear the welcome note that tells us one of the pack has owned to the scent again, and share the rapture of hounds as they rush eagerly forward to join in hot pursuit? It is a puppy of last year's entry leading, and we may perhaps be inclined to mistrust him as he throws his tongue in a feeble half-hearted whimper of some uncertainty, then swerves suddenly to the left, and follows a devious course that hardly looks like the line of a deer. But do not let us condemn the impetuous young one too hastily. From the body of the pack comes a deeper and more decided note; and the old badger-pied hound throws his head high in order that he may sound the signal to charge the more resonantly. That tongue was never known to tell a lie. See how this active lithe-limbed hound of bright Belvoir ton lifts his shapely neck and listens. To the puppy's whimper he had been deaf or contemptuously indifferent, but the trusty tongue of the veteran sets him on the alert at once, and in another second he will be striving hard to wrest the lead from rivals that have for once got the start of him. Hearts canine and human are all moved by much the same impulses, and the rapture that rouses hounds to keen rivalry thrills the nerves of horsemen with a similar energy. How differently we bear ourselves under the trying ordeal, though. Yonder a man who, come up at the check from nobody knew where, has been nervously fidgeting with girths and reins, seems scarcely well pleased to hear the enthusiastic cry, "now they have it again," before he has been able to find a friendly road or an open gate. The light-weight, on a wiry thoroughbred, has been quietly stealing forward while hounds made their cast, apparently resolved that nobody shall get the better of him at the start. The stalwart man of fifteen stone casts a quick eye forward to discover every point that may help him to save his horse and see the end of the run yet. There are a dozen present, riders still confident in their own courage and the mettle of their hunters to carry them well through whatever obstacles may lie in the way; a score or more who place equal reliance on cunning or knowledge of the country. A few have shot their bolt by galloping too hard at the beginning, and only to them is this fresh outburst of hound music full of sadness. The genial and gentle master may try to soothe them with a merry jest, but it will sound to their conscience-stricken ears very like a mild rebuke or a gracefully conveyed lesson on the errors of over-riding.

There is no time now though for mirth or regret. The puppy wavered for a while on an uncertain line, following not the line of our hunted deer, but the scent as it was wafted to him on the breeze. Now flying together the hounds hit it off with a joyous chorus, and every keen sportsman knows from that stirring melody how hard he must ride to live with them. Ned States cheers them on with an inspiring holloa, and just one musical touch of his horn, to which Dick Frost responds from the deep woodland recesses with a "Hoic holloa. Get away on to him."

The Mid Kent stag-hounds, we may observe, hunt no wide barren tract of open moorland like the more sporting parts of the far-famed Devon and Somerset country. In the absence of wild red deer they have to be content with the carted animal, except at times when one is left outlying and has to be drawn for in accordance with ancient laws of woodcraft. There are no steep combs to be climbed in endless succession; no swift torrents brawling down among great boulders in deep shadowy valleys, where the hunted one may frequently refresh himself and find temporary relief from the stress of hot pursuit; very little of the "poetry of sport" that gives to wild stag-hunting on Exmoor its chief charm. But Kent can offer what the Devon and Somerset moorlands do not—plenty of fences and opportunities for keen rivalry, of which neither squires nor yeomen are slow to avail themselves. The vast Kentish wealds and comps afford shelter for the pursued scarcely less secure than could be found in the biggest or densest west country woodland. Mr. Charles Leney and all his followers are true sportsmen, whose appearance in the field is welcomed by almost every landowner and tenant-farmer within the hunt boundaries; and it would be very difficult indeed to find a pack of stag-hounds anywhere showing more sport for their two days a week than the forty couples that have their home in the Mid Kent kennels. The spirited illustration by Mr. Harrison Weir contains admirable portraits of some celebrated hounds in this pack.

H. H. S. P.

A county meeting was held at Carnarvon last Saturday in connection with the proposed North Wales College. £5000 were promised in the room, including £1000 each from Lord Penrhyn, Mr. Rathbone, M.P., and Mr. Davis, M.P.

Her Majesty has conferred the honour of Knight Commander of the Order of the Bath upon the Right Hon. Lyon Playfair, M.P.; Mr. Richard Henry Wyatt is to be knighted for the valuable services rendered by him to the Government during the last twenty-five years as Parliamentary Agent to the Treasury; and Professor Frederick Augustus Abel is to receive the like honour in recognition of the valuable services rendered by him to the War Department and to other departments of the Government in his capacity of War Department Chemist. Mr. Abraham Woodiwis, ex-Mayor of Derby, has also been knighted, in recognition of his services.

### THE MAGAZINES FOR APRIL.

It may be feared that the main incident of "By the Gate of the Sea," the new fiction in the *Cornhill*, hardly affords adequate material for a long story; it is further open to the objection of being painful, and scarcely consistent with the existence of common-sense in the parties concerned. Such objections, however, would, if allowed to prevail, have proved fatal ere this to many an excellent novel; and we are quite ready to excuse any shortcomings of "By the Gate of the Sea," on the score of construction, on the score of its remarkable literary merit, which seems to bespeak no novice in composition. Mr. Lewis Morris's "Azenor" is a pretty narrative poem on a legendary theme, touching in spite of—perhaps partly in virtue of—the affectation of an archaic simplicity. Mr. Gosse criticises a writer distinguished by a very different style of affectation, the mystical, conceited, but often exquisitely melodious, and sometimes rapturously impassioned Richard Crashaw. Crashaw comes off rather better than he deserves, for his faulty parts are so tiresome that a critic of Mr. Gosse's refined taste is tempted to pass them over gently. Among the other contributions may be noticed a picturesque descriptive paper on Californian scenery, and a disquisition, rich in remarks of varied interest, on Sebastian Brandt and his "Ship of Fools."

By far the most interesting paper in *Macmillan* is an elaborate portrait of Lord Chancellor Westbury, evidently by one well acquainted with him, but, at the same time, one who could only view him from the outside. The writer is destitute of any clue to the phenomena he registers, and to this, probably, rather than to any ill-will, the general coldness of his portrait must be ascribed. We feel that we have not got the real Lord Westbury, and, moreover, that Lord Westbury would gain by being more intimately known. The paper is, nevertheless, noteworthy as the first serious attempt to depict one of the most remarkable men of his generation. "The Siege of Potchefstroom" is a long and interesting narrative by the commanding officer, which would, however, have been better appreciated if its publication had not been so long delayed. "Eza," by the Rev. Hugh Macmillan, is a charming description of a delightful nook in the Riviera. "Libel Law Reform" and "Patent Medicines" are important but not exciting subjects.

*Longman's Magazine* is scarcely so good as last month. The best thing in Mr. Payn's "Thicker than Water" is a very laughable chapter on the devices of autograph-hunters. Mr. Stephenson's "Treasure of Franchard" may prove a remarkable story. It is quaint, eccentric, full of *chic* as a modern Spanish picture, and contains at least one very original piece of character-painting. Mrs. Parr's "Northman's Story" is readable, but hardly more; and the miscellaneous contributions are unimportant.

A new story in *Blackwood* promises to stand high upon the roll of original and striking fictions so honourably associated with the name and fame of this veteran magazine. "The Millionaire" is striking, picturesque, and full of intensely vivid bits of description and character. A biographic sketch of Madame Roland is even more interesting, dwelling with genial sympathy upon a character and a career which distance the inventions of the novelist. Another excellent paper compares George Eliot with Shakspeare, pointing out the fundamental affinity of these two great writers in the kind, while firmly defining the wide interval in the degree, of their genius.

The *Fortnightly Review* opens with a most favourable account of the present organisation of the French army by M. Barthelemy, which makes, however, two assertions which we are wholly unable to reconcile: that this organisation is only intended for defensive purposes, and that the sacrifices it entails are only submitted to in the hope of recovering the lost provinces. General Sir H. Norman's review of Mr. Bosworth Smith's biography of Lord Lawrence is a vindication—and we are glad to believe, in the main, a successful vindication—of the military conduct of General Anson and General Wilson in the Sepoy revolt. Impatient onlookers failed to make sufficient allowance for the difficulties of these officers, against which they strove most gallantly. M. de Laveleye's article on "The European Terror" contains an account of the theories of the Belgian Socialist Colins, whose name is beginning to be widely known. Mr. Kegan Paul's lecture on the production of books affords more glimpses of the case of publisher versus author. Messrs. Myers and Gurney's stories of "phantasms of the living" are less striking than their former budget, and less authenticated.

The Earl of Lytton's "Land of Promise," a fable, in the *Nineteenth Century*, is very clever and decidedly poetical, but cynical in its sarcasm and its moral, savouring more of the statesman than of the bard. "Practicable Socialism," by the Rev. S. A. Barnett, propounds the *panem et circenses* policy with which the strongest Governments have sometimes had to contend to stave off Socialism. The Earl of Dunraven, treating of the "future constitutional party," declares that the control of English politics rests with the moderate Liberals, whose sympathies he believes it possible for the Conservatives to secure. Mr. Froude and Mr. Matthew Arnold return to old subjects—the former investigating the mystery of the conspiracy of Antonio Perez, Philip the Second's secretary, the latter pointing out how greatly Isaiah's sublimity is enhanced when he is read intelligently in an improved, but not over-improved translation.

The *Contemporary Review* commences with a valuable essay on the Egyptian campaign by a German military officer. The writer pays a high tribute to the strategy of Lord Wolseley and the daring of the British march on Cairo after Tel-el-Kebir, but declines to regard our successes as any testimony to the efficiency of our military organisation, which he evidently considers exceedingly defective. Professor Villari's letter on contemporary Italian politics reviews the hopes and fears of Italian statesmen in a calm and impartial spirit. The situation, he does not dissemble, is in some respects critical; but many of its gravest features are sensibly ameliorated of late years. The gravest feature of all is the growth of Republicanism and Socialism—a phenomenon to be viewed in connection with the general development of the latter throughout Europe, which forms the subject of a paper by M. de Laveleye. M. de Laveleye has strong sympathies with Socialism, which, however, he carefully distinguishes from Communism. The vivisectionist controversy has always been notorious for exhibitions of bad taste and feeling on both sides, but we remember nothing so outrageous on either as the scientific fanaticism of M. de Cyon. Mr. R. H. Hutton's victory might have been less decisive if his opponent had confined himself to the merits of the question. Mr. Richard Heath treats in a very interesting fashion of Rembrandt's conception of Christianity as the especial heritage of the poor, and his affinity to the Anabaptist and democratic movements of the middle ages.

The *National Review* is as yet hardly sufficiently animated to be a great success. It has, however, some valuable papers, including a brilliant essay on Montaigne by Lord Lytton, suggestions by Mr. George Potter on systematic emigration, criticisms on the foreign Indian policy of Lord Lawrence and

the domestic Indian policy of Lord Ripon, by Mr. Boulger and Mr. Seton-Karr respectively; and the conclusion of Mr. Balfour's sympathetic study of Bishop Berkeley.

The *Century* contains, perhaps, the most striking engraving that has yet appeared in any of the illustrated American magazines—At Sea; accompanying a fine descriptive paper by John Burroughs. There is also a good portrait of Emerson, with an essay upon his genius, chiefly in its poetical aspect, by E. C. Stedman. Among the other chief contributions are a richly illustrated paper on the Capitol at Washington, a sketch of a gipsy family established at Philadelphia, by C. G. Leland; a beautiful little poem by Miss Veley, and Boyesen's tale, "Anastasia." *Harper* has a genial and beautifully illustrated description of the scenery and people of Sussex, a continuation of Mr. Boughton's delightful "Artist Strolls in Holland," and a curious account of Maximilian's endeavour to gain the hearts of the Mexicans by adopting the heir of his predecessor, Iturbide. Mr. Henry James is turning "Daisy Miller" into a comedy, the first act of which appears in the *Atlantic Monthly*. The dialogue is sprightly and full of point; but we should apprehend the action would be too slow for the stage. Messrs. James and Howells are evidently glanced at, though not named, in Mr. C. D. Warner's strictures on the unwholesome and depressing features of modern fiction; none of which are discernible in Miss S. O. Jewett's excellent story, "A New Parishioner." Miss Preston's "Early Humanist" is an excellent account of that Crichton of merely intellectual accomplishment, Pico della Mirandola.

*Temple Bar* has a lively and interesting account of the overthrow of the Imperial Government by the Paris Revolution of September, 1870. The weakness and want of foresight of the Empress's counsellors are painted in the most vivid colours; it is, however, sufficiently evident that no wisdom and no energy could have altered the course of events. The fate of the Empire was really decided in the field of battle. "Talleyrand at Vienna" is another very readable historical essay; and the memoir of Robert Schumann shows both knowledge and appreciation of one equally interesting as a man and as a musician. Both Miss Broughton's and Mrs. Linton's fictions keep the attention awake; and the same may be said of Mr. Buchanan's "New Abelard," in the *Gentleman's Magazine*. Dr. Wilson's paper on Monkeys in the same periodical is an excellent example of the popular treatment of natural history, and Mr. Hugh Macmillan has much that is interesting to tell of Laghetto, a place of pilgrimage in the Riviera. Mr. F. Boyle from personal observation discusses the possibility of an inconvenient fraternisation between our Indian Mussulman troops and the Egyptian Arabs, and concludes that it is but remote; the Egyptians, he thinks, have so far only inspired the Indians with contempt and dislike. The most remarkable contribution to *Belgravia* is a striking tale from the borderland of the supernatural by Mr. Ingram Cobban, "The Green Turban."

*Time* has a particularly good number, with an account of the Dutch and Malays at Aceh, a sketch of Beckford, and abundant other matter of interest. The *Month* has a pleasant narrative of the voyage of the *Fawn* to observe the transit of Venus. In *Tinsley* we remark a good story, "The Romance of the Hotel of the Star;" and in *London Society*, an excellent article on Wagner. The *United Service* and *Army and Navy* magazines have many articles of professional interest; while two in the latter, Colonel Malletson's account of the model Mohammedan officer, Hidayat Ali, and Mr. Laurence Archer's sketch of service with pensioners in Ireland during a Fenian scare, are calculated to attract and amuse the generality of readers. The most interesting contribution to the *Theatre* is Mr. Gilbert's autobiography, accompanied by a portrait. The popular dramatist, it appears, was a military student, a civil servant, and a barrister, before finding his real vocation.

The Earl of Aberdeen will be the High Commissioner to the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland.

Her Majesty's stag-hounds finished their hunting for the season on Tuesday.

The Metropolitan Board of Works has resolved to abandon the proposal to form a new street from Gray's-inn-road to the Angel at Islington.

The ship *Samuel Plimsoll*, of 1444 tons, Captain Simpson, chartered by Sir Saul Samuel, Agent-General for New South Wales, sailed from Plymouth for Sydney on the 6th inst., with 427 emigrants.

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"Have you told me everything?"

## YOLANDE.

BY WILLIAM BLACK,

AUTHOR OF "A DAUGHTER OF HETH," "THE STRANGE ADVENTURES OF A PHAETON," "A PRINCESS OF THULE," "MACLEOD OF DARE," "SUNRISE," ETC.

### CHAPTER XXIX.

#### SURMISES.



HE gale was followed by heavy rain; there was no going out the next day. But, indeed, it was not of shooting that those two men were thinking.

"He might have spared her—he might have spared her!" was Mr. Winterbourne's piteous cry, as he sat in his friend's room, and gazed out through the streaming window-panes on the dismal landscape beyond.

And who was to tell her? Who was to bring grief and humiliation on that fair young life? Who was to rob her of the beautiful dream and vision that her mother had always been to her? Not he, for one. He could not do it.

And then (for he was a nervous, apprehensive man, always ready to conjure up distressing possibilities) might she not misunderstand all this that had been done to keep her in ignorance? Might she not be angry at having all her life been surrounded by an atmosphere of concealment? If she were to mistake the reason of her father's having stooped to subterfuge and deceit? Was Yolande going to despise him, then—she, the only being in the world whose opinion he cared for? And always his speculations, and fears, and anxious conjectures came back to this one point:

"He might have spared her—he might have spared her." "Now, look here, Winterbourne," John Shortlands said, in his plain-spoken way. "If I were you, before I would say a word of this story to Yolande, I would make sure that that would be sufficient for him. I don't know. I am not sure. He says that Yolande must be told; but will that suffice? Is that all he wants? If I were in your place, I would have a clear understanding. Do you know, I can't help thinking there is something behind all this that hasn't come out. If this young fellow is really in earnest about Yolande—if he is really fond of her—I don't think he would put this stumbling-block in the way—I don't think he would exact this sacrifice from you—unless there were some other reason. Yesterday afternoon Melville said as little as he could. He didn't like the job. But he hinted something about a disagreement between young Leslie and his family over this marriage."

"I guessed as much," said Mr. Winterbourne. "Yes, I have suspected it for some time. Otherwise I suppose his

father and aunt would have called on Yolande. They know each other. Yolande stayed a night at the Towers when Mrs. Graham first brought her here—until the lodge was got ready."

"Of course, if the fellow has any pluck, he won't let that stand in his way. In the meantime, a domestic row isn't pleasant; and I dare say he is impatient and angry. Why should he revenge himself on Yolande, one might ask? But that is not the fair way of putting it. I can see one explanation. I didn't see it yesterday; and the fact was I got pretty wild when I learned how matters stood; and my own impression was that kicking was a sight too good for him. I have been thinking over it since, though; the rain last night kept me awake. And now I can understand his saying 'Well, I mean to marry in spite of them; but I will take care, before I marry, to guard against any risk of their being able to taunt me afterwards.' And then, no doubt, he may have had some sort of notion that, when there was no more concealment, when everyone knew how matters stood, some steps might be taken to prevent the recurrence of—of—you know. Well, there is something in that. I don't see that the young fellow is so unreasonable."

Mr. Winterbourne was scarcely listening; his eyes looked haggard and wretched.

"When I took this shooting," he said, absently, "when the place was described to me, on the voyage out, I thought to myself that surely there Yolande and I would be safe from all anxiety and trouble. And then again, up the Nile, day after day I used to think of her being married and settled in this remote place, and used to say to myself that then, at least, everything would be right. And here we are, face to face with more trouble than ever!"

"Nonsense, man, nonsense!" John Shortlands said, cheerfully. "You exaggerate things. I thought this mountain-work would have given you a better nerve. Everything will be right—in time. Do you expect the young people never to have any trouble at all? I tell you everything will be right—in time. You pull up your courage; there is nothing so dreadful about it; and the end is certain—wedding-bells, old slippers, speeches, and a thundering headache the next morning, after confectioner's champagne."

The haggard eyes did not respond.

"And who is to tell her? The shock will be terrible—it may kill her."

"Nonsense—nonsense! Whoever is to tell her, it must not be you. You would make such a fuss; you would make it far more desperate than it is. Why, you might frighten her into declaring that she would not marry—that she would not ask her husband to run the risk of some public scandal. That would be a pretty state of affairs—and not unlikely on the part of a proud, spirited girl like that. No, no; whoever tells her must put the matter in its proper light. It is nothing so very desperate. It will turn out all right. And you for one should be very glad that the Master, as you call him, now knows the whole story; for after the marriage, whatever happens, he cannot come back on you and say you had deceived him."

"After the marriage! And what sort of a happy life is

Yolande likely to lead when his relatives object to her already?"

"There you are off again! More difficulties! Why, man, these things must be taken as they come. You don't know that they object—and I don't believe they can object to her, though the old gentleman mayn't quite like the colour of your politics. But supposing they do, what's the odds? They can't interfere. You will settle enough on Yolande to let the young couple live comfortably enough, until the old gentleman and his sister arrive at common-sense—or the churchyard. I don't see any difficulty about it. If only those people were to marry whose friends and relatives on both sides approved, you might just as well cut the Marriage Service out of the Prayer-book at once."

This was all that was said at the time; and it must be admitted that it left Mr. Winterbourne pretty much in the same mood of anxious perturbation. His careworn face instantly attracted Yolande's notice; and she asked him what was the matter. He answered that there was nothing the matter—except the dullness of the day, perhaps; and for the moment she was satisfied. But she was not long satisfied. She became aware that there was trouble somewhere; there was a kind of constraint in the social atmosphere of the house; she even found the honest and hearty John Shortlands given to moody staring into the fire. So she went to her own room, and sat down, and wrote the following note:—

"Allt-nam-ba, Friday.

"My dear Archie,

"We are all in a state of dreadful depression here, on account of the bad weather, and the gentlemen shut up with nothing to do. Please, please, take pity on us, and come along to dinner at seven. Last night, in spite of the gale, Duncan played the *Hills of Lynn* outside after dinner; and it seemed a kind of message that you ought to have been here. I believe the gentlemen have fixed next Tuesday, if the weather is fine, for the driving of the hares on the far off heights; and I know they expect you to go with them; and we have engaged a whole crowd of shepherds and others to help in the beating. There is to be a luncheon where the *Uska-nan-Shean*, as Duncan calls it, but I am afraid the spelling is not right, comes into the Allt Crôm, and it will not be difficult for me to reach there, so that I can see how you have been getting on. Do you know that Monaglen is for sale?—what a joy it will be if Mr. Melville should get it back again, after all—that will indeed be *Melville's Welcome Home!* You will make us all very happy if you will come along at seven, and spend the evening with us."

"Yours affectionately,  
"YOLANDE."

She sent this out to be taken to Lynn Towers by one of the gillies who was to wait for an answer; and in something more than an hour the lad on the sturdy little black pony brought back this note:—

"Lynn Towers, Friday afternoon.

"Dear Yolande,—I regret very much that I cannot dine with you to-night; and as for Tuesday, I am afraid that will be also



impossible, as I go to Inverness to-morrow. I hope they will have a good day.

Yours sincerely,

"A. LESLIE."

She regarded this answer at first with astonishment; then she felt inclined to laugh.

"Look at this, then, for a love-letter!" she said to herself.

But by-and-by she began to attach more importance to it. The coldness of it seemed studied; yet she had done nothing that she knew of to offend him. What was amiss? Could he be dissatisfied with her conduct in any direction? She had tried to be most kind to him, as was her duty; and until quite recently they had been on most friendly terms. What had she done? Then she began to form the suspicion that her father and John Shortlands were concealing something—she knew not what—from her. Had it anything to do with the Master? Had it anything to do with the singular circumstance that not even the most formal visiting relationship had been established between Lynn Towers and the Lodge? Why did her father seem disturbed when she proposed to send a haunch of venison to the Towers—the most common act of civility?

It was strange that, with these disquieting surmises going on in her brain, she should think of seeking information and counsel, not from her father, nor from Mr. Shortlands, nor from the Master of Lynn, but from Jack Melville. It was quite spontaneously and naturally that she thought she would like to put all her difficulties before him; but on reflection she justified herself to herself. He was most likely to know, being on friendly terms with everybody. If there was nothing to disquiet her—nothing to reproach herself with—he was just the person to laugh the whole thing away and send her home satisfied. She could trust him. He did not treat her quite so much as a child as the others did. Even when he spoke bluntly to her, in his schoolmasterish way, she had a vague and humorous suspicion that he was quite aware that their companionship was much more on a common footing than all that came to; and that she submitted because she thought it pleased him. Then she had got to believe that he would do much for her. If she asked him to tell her honestly what he knew, he would. The others might try to hide things from her; they might wish to be considerate towards her; they might be afraid of wounding her sensitiveness; whereas she knew that if she went to John Melville he would speak straight to her, for she had arrived at the still further conclusion that he knew he could trust her, as she trusted him. Altogether, it was a dangerous situation.

Next morning had an evil and threatening look about it; but fortunately there was a brisk breeze; and towards noon that had so effectually swept the clouds over that the long wide valley was filled with bright warm sunshine. Yolande resolved to drive in to Gress. There was no game to take to Foyers; but there were two consignments of household materials from Inverness to be fetched from Whitebridge. Besides, she wanted to know what Mrs. Bell had done about Monaglen and the lawyers. And besides, she wanted to know where *Alchemilla arvensis* ended and *A. alpina* began; for she had got one or two varieties that seemed to come in between; and she had all a beginner's faith in the strict lines of species. There was, in short, an abundance of reasons.

On arriving at Gress, however, she found that Mr. Melville, having finished his forenoon work in the school, had gone off to his electric store-house away up in the hills; and so she sent on the dog-cart to Whitebridge, and was content to wait awhile with Mrs. Bell.

"I'll just send him a message, and he'll come down presently."

"Oh, no, please don't; it is a long way to send anyone," Yolande protested.

"It's no a long way to send a wee bit flash o' five, or whatever it is, that sets a bell ringing up there," said the old dame. "It's wonderful, his devices. Sometimes I think it's mair than natural. Over there, in the laboratory, he has got a kind of ear-trumpet; and if you take out the stopper, and listen in quietness, you'll hear every word that's going on in the school."

"That is what they call a telephone, I suppose?"

"The very thing!" said Mrs. Bell, as she left the room to send a message to him.

When she came back, she was jubilant.

"My dear young leddy, I am that glad to see ye! I've sent the letter."

"What letter?"

"To the lawyers. Oh, I was a lang, lang time thinking o't; for they lawyers are kittle cattle to deal wi'; and I kened fine if I was too eager they would jalouse what I was after; and then they would be up to their pranks. So I just telled them that I did not want Monaglen for mysel—which is as true's the Gospel—but that if they happened to hear what was the lowest price that would be taken, they might send me word, in case I should come across a customer for them. It doesna do to be too eager about a bargain, especially wi' they lawyers; it's just inviting them to commit a highway robbery on ye."

"If Mr. Melville," said Yolande, quickly, "were to have Monaglen, he would still remain in this neighbourhood, then?"

"Nae doot about that! It'll be a' a man's wark to put the place to rights again; for the factor is a puir body, and the young gentleman never came here—he has plenty elsewhere, I have been told."

"Mr. Melville would still be living here?" said Yolande, eagerly.

"At Monaglen, ay; and it's no so far away. But it will make a difference to me," the old dame said, with a sigh. "For I have got used to his ways about the hoose; and it will seem empty, like."

"Then you will not go to Monaglen?"

"Deed, no; that would never do. I wouldna like to go as a servant, for I have been living too long in idleness; and I couldna go back in any other kind of a way, for I ken my place. Na, na; I will just bide where I am, and I will keep £220 a year, or thereabouts, for mysel; and wi' that I can mak ends meet brawly, in spite o' they spendrif hussies."

These romantic projects seemed to have a great fascination for this good dame (who had seen far less that was attractive in the prospect of being given away in marriage by a famous Duke); and she and Yolande kept on talking about them with much interest, until a step outside on the gravel caused the colour to rush to the girl's face. She did not know that, when she rose on his entrance. She did not know that she looked embarrassed, because she did not feel embarrassed. Always she had a sense of safety in his presence. She had not to watch her words, or think of what he was thinking of what she was saying. And on this occasion she did not even make the pretence of having come about *Alchemilla alpina*. She apologised for having brought him down from his electric works; asked him if he would take a turn in the garden for a minute or two, as she had something to say to him; and then went out, he following. She did not notice that when she made this last remark his face looked rather grave.

"Mr. Leslie went to Inverness this morning?" she said, when they were out in the garden.

"Yes; he looked in as he was passing."

"Do you know why he went?"

"Well," said he, "I believe they have been having some dispute about the marches of the forest; but I am told it is to be all amicably settled. I fancy Archie is going to have the matter squared up in Inverness."

She hesitated then. She took up a flower; regarded it for a second; and then looked him fair in the face.

"Mr. Melville," said she, "do you think it strange that I ask you this question?—you are Mr. Leslie's friend: is he offended with me?"

His eyes were looking at hers, too—rather watchfully: he was on his guard.

"I have not the slightest reason to suppose that he is," was the answer, given with some earnestness, for he was glad to find the question so simple.

"None? I have not done anything that he could complain of—to you or anyone?"

"I assure you I never heard him breathe a word of the kind. 'Besides,' added he, with a very unusual warmth in the pale cheeks, 'I wouldn't listen. No man could be such a coward.'"

"Oh, please don't think that I am angry," she said, with earnest entreaty. "Please don't think I have to complain. Oh, no! But everyone knows what mischief is wrought sometimes by mistake; someone being offended and not giving a chance of explanation; and—and—I was only anxious to be assured that I had done nothing to vex him. His going away without seeing us seemed so strange—yes; and also his not coming of late to the lodge; and—and—my papa seems to be troubled about something; so that I became anxious; and I knew you would tell me the truth, if no one else would. And it is all right, then? There is no reason to be disturbed, to be anxious?"

He was disturbed, at all events; and sorely perplexed. He dared not meet her eyes; they seemed to read him through and through when he ventured to look up.

"Don't imagine for a moment that you have anything to reproach yourself with—not for a moment," he said.

"Has anyone, then?"

"Why, no. But—but—well, I will be honest with you, Yolande; there has been a little trouble—at the Towers. The old people are not easy to please; and—and Archie has too much spirit to allow you to be dragged into a controversy, you see; and as they don't get on very well together, I suppose he is glad to get off for a few days to Inverness."

"Ah, I understand," she said, slowly. "That is something to know. But why did he not tell me? Does he think I am afraid of a little trouble like that? Does he think I should be frightened? Oh, no. When I make a promise, it is not to break it. He should have trusted me more than that. Ah, I am sorry he has to go away on my account. Why did he not speak? It is strange."

And then she regarded him with those clear, beautiful, contemplative eyes of hers.

"Have you told me everything?"

He did not answer.

"No. There is more. There is more to account for my papa's trouble—for his going away this morning. And why do I come to you?—because I know that what you know you will tell to me. You have been my friend since ever we came to this place."

He could not withstand her appeal; and yet he dared not reveal a secret which was not his own.

"Yolande," said he, and he took her hand to emphasize his words, "there is more; but it is not I who must tell you. What I can tell you, and what I hope you will believe, is that you are in no way the cause of anything that may have happened. You have nothing to reproach yourself with. And any little trouble there may be will be removed in time, no doubt. When you have done your best, what more can you do? 'The rest is with the gods.'"

It is just possible that she might have begged him to make a candid confession of all that he knew—for she had a vague fear that she herself was the cause of that anxiety which she saw too visibly in her father's look—but at this moment the dog-cart drove up to the front gate, and she had to go. She bade him, and also Mrs. Bell, good-by almost in silence; she went away thoughtfully. And as he watched her disappear along the high road—the warm westerling light touching the red-gold of her hair—he was thoughtful too; and his heart yearned towards her with a great pity; and there was not much that this man would not have done to save her from the shadow that was about to fall on her young life.

## CHAPTER XXX.

### "DARE ALL."

He could not rest, somehow. He went into the laboratory, and looked vacantly around; the objects there seemed to have no interest for him. Then he went back to the house—into the room where he had found her standing; and that had more of a charm for him: the atmosphere still seemed to bear the perfume of her presence, the music of her voice still seemed to hang in the air. She had left on the table—she had forgotten, indeed—a couple of boards inclosing two specimens of the *Alchemilla*. These he turned over, regarding with some attention the pretty, quaint French handwriting at the foot of the page—"Alchemilla alpina. Alpine Lady's-mantle. Allt-nam-ba, September 188—"; but still his mind was absent; he was following in imagination the girl herself, going away, along the road there, alone, to meet the revelation that was to alter her life.

And was he going to stand by, idle? Was he going to limit himself to the part he had been asked to play—that of mere message-bearer? Could he not do something? Was he to be dominated by the coward fear of being called an intermeddler? He had not pondered over all this matter (with a far deeper interest than he himself imagined) without result. He had his own views, his own remedy; he knew what counsel he would give, if he dared intervene. And why should he not dare? He thought of the expression of her face as she had said, with averted eyes, "Good-by!" and then—why, then, a sudden impulse seized him that somehow and at once he must get to Allt-nam-ba, and that before she should meet her father.

He snatched up his hat and went quickly out and through the little front garden into the road; there he paused. Of course, he could not follow her; she must needs see him coming up the wide strath; and in that case what excuse could he give? But what if the shooting-party had not yet come down from the hill? Might he not intercept them somewhere? Sometimes, when they had been taking the far tops in search of a ptarmigan or two, they came home late—to be scolded by the young house-mistress for keeping dinner back. Well, the result of these rapid calculations was that the next minute he had set out to climb, with a swiftness that was yet far too slow for the eagerness of his wishes, the steep and rough and rugged hills that stretch away up to the neighbourhood of Lynn forest.

First it was over peat-bog and rock; then through a tangled undergrowth of young birches; then up through some precipitous gullies; until at last he had gained the top and looked abroad over the forest—that wide, desolate, silent

wilderness. Not a creature stirred; not even the chirp of a chaffinch broke the oppressive stillness; it seemed a world of death. But he had no time to take note of such matters; besides, the solitude of a deer-forest was familiar to him. He held along by the hill-top, sometimes having to descend into sharp little gullies and clamber up again, until, far below him, he came in sight of Lynn Towers, and the bridge, and the stream, and the loch; and onwards still he kept his way, until the strath came in view, with Allt-nam-ba, and a pale blue smoke rising from the chimneys into the still evening air. Probably Yolande had got home by that time; perhaps she might be out and walking round the place—talking to the dogs in the kennel, and so forth. So he kept rather back from the edge of the hill-top, so that he should not be descried; and in due time arrived at a point overlooking the junction of three glens, down one of which the shooting people, if they had not already reached the lodge, were almost certain to come.

He looked and waited, however, in vain; and he was coming to the conclusion that they must have already passed and gone on to the lodge, when he fancied he saw something move behind some birch bushes on the hillside beyond the glen. Presently he made out what it was—a pony grazing, and gradually coming more and more into view. Then he reflected that the pony could only be there for one purpose; that probably the attendant gillie and the panniers were hidden from sight behind those birches; and that, if it were so, the shooting party had not returned, and were bound to come back that way. A very few minutes of further waiting proved his conjectures to be right; a scattered group of people, with dogs in to heel, appearing on the crest of the hill opposite. Then he had no further doubt. Down this slope he went at headlong speed; crossed the rushing burn by springing from boulder to boulder; scrambled up through the thick brushwood and heather of the opposite banks; and very soon encountered the returning party, who were now watching the panniers being put on the pony's back.

Now that he had intercepted Mr. Winterbourne, there was no need for hurry. He could take time to recover his breath; and also to bethink himself as to how he should approach this difficult matter; and then, again, he did not wish those people to imagine that he had come on any important errand. And so the conversation, as the pony was being loaded, was all about the day's sport. They had done very well, it appeared; the birds had not yet got wild, and there was no sign of packing; they had got a couple of teal and a golden plover, which was something of a variety; also, they had had the satisfaction of seeing a large eagle—which Duncan declared to be a Golden Eagle—at unusually close quarters.

Then they set out for home; Duncan and the gillies making away for a sort of ford by which they could get the pony across the Dun Water; while the three others took a nearer way to the lodge by getting down through a gullie to the Corrie-aneich, where there was a swing bridge across the burn. When they had got to the bridge, Melville stopped them.

"I am not going on with you to the lodge," said he. "Mr. Winterbourne, I have seen your daughter this afternoon. She is troubled and anxious; and I thought I'd come along and have a word with you. I hope you will forgive me for thrusting myself in where I may not be wanted; but—but—it is not always the right thing to 'pass by on the other side.' I couldn't in this case."

"I am sure we are most thankful to you for what you have done already," Yolande's father said, promptly; and then he added, with a weary look in his face, "and what is to be done now, I don't know. I cannot bring myself to this that Leslie demands. It is too terrible. I look at the girl—well, it does not bear speaking of."

"Look here, Winterbourne," John Shortlands said, "I am going to leave you two together. I will wait for you the other side. But I would advise you to listen well to anything that Mr. Melville has to say; I have my own guess."

With that he proceeded to make his way across the narrow and swaying bridge, leaving these two alone.

"What I want to know, first of all," Mr. Winterbourne said, with a kind of despair in his voice, "is whether you are certain that the Master will insist? Why should he? How could it matter to him? I thought we had done everything when we let him know. Why should Yolande know? Why make her miserable to no end? Look what has been done to keep this knowledge from her all through these years; and you can see the result in the gaiety of her heart. Would she have been like that if she had known—if she had always been thinking of one who ought to be near her, and perhaps blaming herself for holding aloof from her? She would have been quite different; she would have been old in sadness by this time; whereas, she has never known what a care was. Mr. Melville, you are his friend; you know him better than any of us; don't you think there is some chance of reasoning with him and inducing him to forego this demand? It seems so hard."

The suffering that this man was undergoing was terrible. His questions formed almost a cry of entreaty; and Jack Melville could scarcely bring himself to answer in what he well knew to be the truth.

"I cannot deceive you," he said, after a second. "There is no doubt that Leslie's mind is made up on the point. When I undertook to carry his message, he more than once repeated his clear decision."

"But why? What end will it serve? How could it matter to them—living away from London? How could they be harmed?"

"Mr. Winterbourne," said the other, with something of a clear emphasis, "when I reported Leslie's decision to Mr. Shortlands, as I was asked to do, I refused to defend it—or to attack it, for that matter—and I would rather not do so now. What I might think right in the same case—what you might think right—does not much matter. I told Mr. Shortlands that perhaps we did not know everything that might lead to such a decision; Leslie has not been on good terms with his father and aunt; and he thinks he is being badly used. There may be other things; I do not know."

"And how do we know that it will suffice?" the other said. "How do we know that it will satisfy him and his people? Are we to inflict all this pain and sorrow on the girl; and then wait to see whether that is enough?"

"It is not what I would do," said Jack Melville, who had not come here for nothing.

"What would you do, then? Can you suggest anything?" her father said, eagerly. "Ah, you little know how we should value anyone who could remove this thing from us!"

"What I would do? Well, I will tell you. I would go to that girl, and I would see how much of the woman is in her; I think you will find enough. I would say to her, 'There is your mother; that is the condition she has sunk into through those accursed drugs. Every means has been tried to save her, without avail—every means save one. It is for you to go to her—you yourself—alone. Who knows what resurrection of will and purpose may not arise within her, when it is her own daughter who stands before her and appeals to her—when it is her own daughter who will be by her side during the long struggle? That is your duty as a daughter;



will you do it?" If I know the girl, you will not have to say more!"

The wretched man opposite seemed almost to recoil from him in his dismay. "Good God!" he muttered; and there was a sort of blank, vague terror in his face. Melville stood silent and calm, awaiting an answer.

"It is the suggestion of a devil," said this man, who was quite aghast, and seemed scarcely to comprehend the whole thing just yet; "or else of an angel—why?"

"It is the suggestion neither of a devil nor an angel," said Melville calmly, "but of a man who has read a few medical books."

The other, with the half horror-stricken look in the eyes, seemed to be thinking hard of all that might happen; and his two hands clasped together over the muzzle of his gun, which was resting on the ground, were trembling.

"Oh, it is impossible—impossible!" he cried at length. "It is inhuman. You have not thought of it sufficiently. My girl to go through that—have you considered what you are proposing to subject her to?"

"I have considered," Jack Melville said (perhaps with a passing quail; for there was a pathetic cry in this man's voice). "And I have thought of it sufficiently, I hope. I would not have dared to make the suggestion without the most anxious consideration."

"And you would subject Yolande to that!"

"No," said the other, "I would not. I would not subject her to anything; I would put the case before her, and I know what her own answer would be. I don't think anyone would have to use prayers and entreaties. I don't think it would be necessary to try much persuasion. I say this—put the case before her; and I will stake my head I can tell what her answer will be—what her decision will be—yes, and before you have finished your story!"

"And to go alone?"

"She will not be afraid!"

He seemed to have a very profound conviction of his knowledge of this girl's nature; and there was a kind of pride in the way he spoke.

"But why alone?" pleaded the father—he seemed to be imagining all kinds of things with those haggard eyes.

"I would not have the mental shock lessened by the presence of anyone. I would have no possible suspicion of a trap—a bait—a temptation. I would have it between these two: the daughter's appeal to her mother. I am not afraid of the result."

"She could not! My girl to go away by herself—she could not! it is too terrible!"

"Try her."

"She has never travelled alone. Why, even to go to London by herself?"

"Oh, but that has nothing to do with it. That is not what I mean at all. As for that, her maid would go with her as a matter of course; and Mr. Shortlands might see her as far as London if he is going south shortly, as I hear. She could put up at one or other of the hotels that she has already stayed at with you. Then you would give her the address; and leave the rest to her."

"You have been thinking over this," Mr. Winterbourne said. "I have not. I am rather bewildered about it. Shall we ask Shortlands?"

"If you wish. But first let me explain, Mr. Winterbourne. As I understand, several arrangements have been made with this poor woman—only, unhappily, to be broken by her. Well, now, why I want Yolande to go alone—if you think the experiment should be tried at all—is to prevent suspicion in the poor woman's mind. I would have no third person. It should be a matter between the two women themselves; and Yolande must insist on seeing her mother alone."

"Insist! Yes, and insist with two such wretches as those Romfords! Why, the man might insult her—he might lay hands on her, and force her out of the house."

Melville's pale, dark face grew darker at this; and his eyes had a sudden, sharp fire in them.

"She must have a policeman waiting outside," he said, curtly. "And her maid must go inside with her—but not necessarily into the room."

"And then," said Mr. Winterbourne—who was apparently picturing all this before his mind; "supposing she were to get her mother away with her—what then?"

"She would take her back to the hotel. She must have a private sitting-room, of course. Then, in two or three days' time, when she had got the necessary travelling-things for her mother, she would take her down to some quiet seaside place—Eastbourne or Bournemouth or some such place—and get rooms there. The two women would get to know each other that way; Yolande would always be with her; her constant society would be her mother's safeguard."

"You have thought of everything—you have thought of everything," the father murmured. "Well, let us see what Shortlands says. It is a terrible risk. I am not hopeful myself. The thing is—is it fair to bring all this distress and suffering on the girl on such a remote chance?"

"You must judge of that," said Melville. "You asked me what I would do. I have told you."

Mr. Winterbourne was about to step on to the bridge—across which only one could go at a time; but he suddenly turned back and said, with some earnest emphasis, to the younger man:

"Do not imagine that, because I hesitate, I think any the less of your thoughtfulness. Not many would have done as much. Whatever happens, I know what your intentions were towards us." He took Melville's hand for a moment, and pressed it. "And I thank you for her sake and for my own. May God bless you!"

When they got to the other side they found John Shortlands seated on a boulder of granite, smoking a cigar. He was not much startled by this proposal—for Melville had mentioned something of the kind to him, in an interjectional sort of fashion, some time before; and he had given it a brief, but rather unfavourable, consideration. Now, as they talked the matter over, it appeared that he stood about mid-way between these two; having neither the eager enthusiasm of Jack Melville nor yet the utter hopelessness of his friend Winterbourne.

"If you think it is worth trying, try it," said he, coolly. "It can't do much harm. If Yolande is to know, she may as well know to some end. Other things have been tried, and failed; this might not. The shock might bring her to her senses. Anyhow, don't you see, if you once tell Yolande all about it, I rather fancy she will be dissatisfied until she has made a trial."

"That is what I am certain of," Melville said, quickly. "I would contentedly leave it to herself. Only the girl must have some guidance."

"Surely, surely," said John Shortlands. "I consider your plan very carefully laid out—if Winterbourne will risk it. The only other way is to leave Yolande in her present happy ignorance; and tell the Master of Lynn, and his father, and his aunt, and whatever other relations he has, to go to the devil."

"Shortlands," said Mr. Winterbourne, angrily, "this is a serious thing; it is not to be settled in your free and easy way. I suppose you wouldn't mind bringing on Yolande the mortification of being jilted? How could you explain to her? She would be left—without a word. And I hear she is beginning to be anxious already. Poor child, whichever way it goes, she will have enough to suffer."

"I should not mind so much which way it goes," said John Shortlands, bluntly, "if only somebody would take the Master of Lynn by the scruff of the neck, and oblige me by kicking him from Allt-nam-ba bridge to Foyers pier."

"Come, come," said Melville (though he was by much the youngest of these three), "the less said in that way the better. What you want is to make the best of things; not to stir up ill-will. For my part, I regard Miss Winterbourne's engagement to Mr. Leslie as a secondary matter—at this present moment; I consider her first duty is to her mother; and I am pretty sure you will find that will be her opinion when you put the facts of the case before her. Yes; I am pretty certain of that."

"And who would undertake to tell her?" her father said. "Who could face the suffering, the shame, you would see in her eyes? Who would dare to suggest to her that she, so tenderly cared for all her life, should go away and encounter these horrors?"

There was silence.

"If it comes to that," said Melville, slowly, "I will do it. If you think it right—if it will give you pain to speak to her—let me speak to her."

"You?" said her father. "Why should you undertake what cannot but be a dreadful task? Why should you have to bear that?"

"Oh," said he, "my share in the common trouble would be slight. Besides, I have not many friends; and when one has the chance of lending a hand, don't you understand, it is a kind of gratification. I know it will not be pleasant—except for one thing. I am looking forward to her answer; and I know what it will be."

"But, really," her father said, with some hesitation, "is it fair we should put this on you? It is a great sacrifice to ask from one who has been so recently our friend. You have seen her—you have seen how light-hearted she is; and to ask anyone to go and take away the happy carelessness of her life from her?"

"Yes, it will make a change," said Melville, thoughtfully. "I know that. She will be no longer a girl. She will be a woman."

"At all events, Winterbourne," John Shortlands broke in, "what I said before I say now—you are the last man to undertake such a job. You'd frighten the girl out of her senses. It's bad enough as it is; and it'll have to be told her by degrees. I would have a try myself; but I might say something about the cause of her having to be told; and that would only make mischief. If I said anything about your friend Leslie, Mr. Melville, I ask you to forget it. No use making rows. And I say, if Winterbourne decides on taking your way out of this troublous business, and if you don't mind doing what you've offered to do, you could not find a better time than next Tuesday, if that will be convenient for you, for we shall be all away at the far tops that day, and I dare say it will take you some time to break the news gently."

"I am quite at your service, either on Tuesday or any other day, whenever you let me know what you have decided."

He would not go on to the house with them, despite all their solicitations; on the other hand, he begged them not to say to Yolande that they had seen him. So they went on their way down to the little lodge and its dependencies; while he went back and over the hills.

"He's a damned fine fellow that, and no mistake," said the plain-spoken John Shortlands. "There is a sort of broad human nature about him. And I should think, Winterbourne, you were very much obliged to him."

"Obliged?" said Yolande's father. "It is scarcely the word."

(To be continued.)

## LORD WOLSELEY AND THE CITY.

Our Illustration shows the casket in which the certificate of freedom of the City of London was presented to Lord Wolseley of Cairo, on Wednesday last, when a sword of honour was presented also to Lord Alcester (Admiral Sir Beauchamp Seymour). The casket, of gold, was manufactured for the Cor-



GOLD CASKET PRESENTED WITH FREEDOM OF THE CITY OF LONDON TO LORD WOLSELEY OF CAIRO.

poration by Messrs. George Edward and Sons, of the Poultry, whose design was selected from among those sent in by about twenty of the leading goldsmiths of the City and the West-End. The casket, both in its shape and ornamentation, is of the Egyptian style. Four sphinxes lie couchant upon the Algerian onyx base; on the backs of these rests the casket itself. On one side it bears the City arms, and on the other the inscription. The ends bear the arms of Lord Wolseley of Cairo and his monogram. Surmounting the whole is a lion guarding the Royal Standard, in a calm, watchful attitude. The Royal Standard depends from a Neptune trident; and over it hangs a wreath of victory. The casket is of 18-carat hall-marked gold, and the various devices are enamelled in proper heraldic colours.

## SPRING FLOWERS.

The season of annual reviving vegetation, and of fresh beauties in the rural aspects of nature, coincides with the beginning of the London season, which brings forth the flowers of fashion, and which fills many a ball-room and drawing-room with the gay assemblage of social ornaments, consciously blooming for the admiration of mankind—such flowers of the fair sex, when favoured by rank and fortune, being seldom destined "to blush unseen, and waste their sweetness on the desert air." This comparison is obviously suggested by the series of groups and figures which appear in our page of Sketches, under the title "Spring Flowers," coming to view most seasonably at the present time of the year, when ladies are preparing, with the aid of their dressmakers, and milliners, to adorn, by their personal attractiveness, with some innocent aids of decorative art, the festive gatherings of Society in the next two months at the West-End. They will not, however, disdain the assistance of an occasional display of natural blossoms, arranged in tasteful bouquets, to be carried in the hand, or to be placed in water upon the side table of their boudoir; but these will be selected from among the most recherché products of the scientific conservatory, or purchased at a high cost, in keeping with the style of attire which befits their position in the world. On the other hand, we are happy to observe that the East-End, and the least privileged and least opulent part of the community in this great metropolis, in those dull and dingy suburbs where few gardens and greenhouses are to be found in many miles of shabby streets, are not left entirely without a supply of the sweet floral gifts of spring; primroses and violets, at a halfpenny the bunch, are freely sold, with geraniums and other plants to grow in pots at the window; and there is a gratuitous distribution, in some instances, of surplus cuttings and other stock from the gardens in our public parks. Much good has been done, of late years, by the encouragement which is offered, in the way of prizes and exhibitions, to the growing of flowers in window-pots, on house-roofs, or in any small piece of ground attached to the poorest cottage, among the homes of the working-class population. As a refined and improving kind of recreation, this is likely to prove not less beneficial, and is certainly one rather more accessible than that of resorting to picture-galleries and other collections of works of art. "One touch of nature makes the whole world kin," and the common love of flowers should be a link of sympathy between the rich and the poor; while it would seem, from such incidents as those which are symbolised, finally, by the "Flowers of Sorrow" and the "Flowers of Joy," that the grand human experiences of life and death, of youth and womanhood, of wedding and mourning, are pretty much alike for all.

## THE WORKMAN'S TRAIN.

The financial scheme of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, propounded to the House of Commons last week, presents one feature that is calculated to be of no small benefit to the working classes in the metropolis, and in other large towns, where many of them are obliged to live with their families at a long distance from their factories, workshops, or usual places of employment. The removal of so much of the tax on railway passenger traffic as belongs to the penny-a-mile third-class fares, with the requirement of additional accommodation in this respect, to be enforced by the Board of Trade, on the "urban lines," which are to obtain a further measure of relief from the existing taxation, is a measure to be carried into effect from Oct. 1, and one that can hardly fail to add to the domestic comfort of large numbers of people in London. It is the more required in these times when there is a rapid and wholesale demolition of the houses occupied by the poor in the more central quarters of the city, while the difficulty of their going to reside in the suburbs, where house-rent and lodgings might be found suitable to their small income, is much aggravated by the lack of cheap and speedy conveyance to and fro, at the early morning and late evening hours demanded by their ordinary occupation. There are, indeed, some lines of railway in the metropolitan district which have long since been provided with daily "parliamentary" trains, at convenient hours, for the punctual convenience of this class of customers; and our Illustration shows the interior of one of their carriages, with four or five good fellows cheerfully travelling to their work before daylight on a winter morning. There is also a girl, perhaps the daughter of one of them, going to take her place behind the shop-counter, or in the dressmakers' work-room, just about the time when ladies of the comfortable middle class think about ringing for the maid to bring the hot water, that they may dress and come down to breakfast with the husband who will start for the City at nine o'clock.

The memorial-stone of the new Children's Hospital at Bristol was laid on the 5th inst. by the Duchess of Beaufort.

At a meeting held on the 5th inst. at the County Hotel, Newcastle, to raise funds in support of the Leys Wesleyan School, Cambridge, the sum of £1300 was subscribed, making £12,000 towards the £20,000 required as a first endowment.

A meeting of the Royal Dublin Society was held on the 5th inst. to consider the application for the proposed new charter, the object of which is to extend the scientific department of that body. The resolution of the council approving of the charter was adopted by 326 to 54.

Yesterday week the remains of Professor Palmer, Captain Gill, and Lieutenant Charrington were interred in the crypt of St. Paul's Cathedral, close to the national tombs of Wellington and Nelson, in the presence of a considerable number of persons representative of the naval and military services.

At a meeting of the Royal National Life-Boat Institution held on the 5th inst. at its house, John-street, Adelphi—his Grace the Duke of Northumberland, P.C., president of the institution, in the chair—the silver medal was voted to Henry Hood (coxswain of the Senton Carew life-boat), to John Henry Franklin and Matthew Franklin (two of the crew), and to Mr. Thomas Roberts (coxswain of the Holyhead life-boat).

The foundation-stone of the new Church of St. Matthew, Ealing-common, was laid on the 3rd inst. by the Bishop of Antigua. There was a very large attendance, the clergy of the neighbourhood appearing in great force. The musical portion of the ceremony was effectively rendered by the united choirs of the several churches round. Addresses were delivered by the Bishop; Mr. Osborn Jenkin, the chairman of the building committee; and Mr. J. Smith Turner. The church is situated at the north-west corner of the common, on a valuable site given for the purpose by Mr. E. Wood, and is being built from plans prepared by Mr. Alfred Jomers, architect, of Gray's-inn-square. A sum of over £3000 is still required to complete the building fund. The Rev. H. C. Douglass is the Vicar-Designate of the new parish.





FLOWERS OF FASHION



ALL A BLOWIN' AN' A' GROWIN'!



WALL FLOWERS



FOR THE DRAWINGROOM



FROM THE EAST END



FOR THE POOR



FOR THE BRIDE



BEAUTIES



FLOWERS OF SORROW



FLOWERS OF JOY





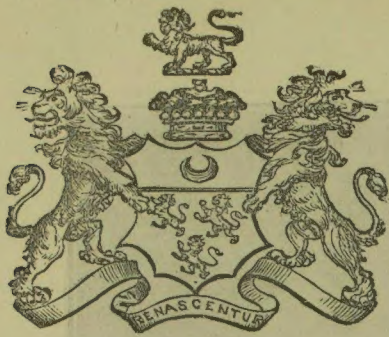
THE WORKMAN'S TRAIN.



## OBITUARY.

VISCOUNT AVONMORE.

The Right Hon. William Charles, fourth Viscount Avonmore



and Baron Yelverton, of Avonmore, in the county of Cork, in the Peerage of Ireland, Knight of the Medjidie, formerly Major R.A., died at Biarritz on the 1st inst. He was born Sept. 27, 1824, the elder son of Barry John, third Viscount, by Cecilia, his second wife, eldest daughter of Mr. Chas. O'Keefe, and was conse-

quently great-grandson of the celebrated orator and lawyer, Barry Yelverton, Lord Chief Baron, created, in 1795, Lord Yelverton, and Viscount Avonmore in 1800. He received his education at Woolwich, entered the Royal Artillery in 1843, and attained the rank of Major in 1854. He served in New Zealand, 1845 to 1848, and in the Crimea, 1854 to 1855. He succeeded his father Oct. 24, 1870. He married, June 26, 1858, Emily Marianne, youngest daughter of Major-General Sir Charles Ashworth, K.C.B., and widow of Professor Edward Forbes, F.R.S., and leaves two sons—Barry Nugent, now Viscount Avonmore, Lieutenant 1st Hampshire Regiment, born Feb. 11, 1859; and William Algernon, born Nov. 19, 1866.

We have also to record the deaths of—

Sir George Alfred Arney, late Chief Justice of New Zealand, on the 7th inst., aged seventy-three.

Francis Snowden, Senior Puisne Judge of H.M. Supreme Court, Hong-Kong, on the 1st inst., aged fifty-five.

Lieutenant-General George Dean Pitt, C.B., the Keeper of the Crown Jewels, who was only appointed to the office last year, on the 4th inst., at the age of fifty-nine.

Lady Lacon (Eliza Georgina), wife of Sir Edmund Lacon, Bart., M.P., of Ormesby House, Norfolk, and eldest daughter of Mr. James Esdaile Hammet, of Battersea, on the 31st ult.

The Dowager Lady Colchester (Elizabeth Susan), on the 31st ult., in her eighty-fourth year, widow of Charles, second Lord Colchester, and daughter of Lord Chief Justice Ellenborough.

Mr. George Warry, M.A., of Shapwick House, Somerset, J.P., Barrister-at-Law, on the 29th ult., at Weston-super-Mare, in his eighty-eighth year. He married, Aug. 4, 1830, Isabella, fourth daughter of Mr. William Deedes, of Sandling Park, Kent. His eldest son, Mr. George Deedes Warry, is Recorder of Portsmouth.

The Rev. Robert Bathurst Plumtre, M.A., formerly Rector of North Coates, Lincolnshire, and Incumbent of Forthampton, Gloucestershire, on the 3rd inst., in his ninety-first year; third son of the Very Rev. John Plumtre, D.D., Dean of Gloucester, whose father, Septimus Plumtre, was the youngest son of Mr. John Plumtre, of Nottingham, by Annabella, his wife, daughter of Sir Francis Molyneux, Bart.

Mr. George S. Gibson, banker, recently. The borough of Saffron Walden, Essex, has lost one of its most munificent benefactors in his death. He was extremely charitable, and within recent years he rebuilt the Townhall, at a cost of about £5000, and gave a site to another institution and an endowment of £10,000. Mr. Gibson was a leading member of the Society of Friends.

## WILD HORSES AT THE AQUARIUM.

The visitors to the Westminster Royal Aquarium have lately found its programme of entertainments greatly improved by the exhibition of an American team of performing horses, under the direction of Mr. Robert White, who is said to have caught them wild on the prairies of Colorado, and to have broken them in, and trained them, with marvellous skill and address, during the past five years. They are, we learn, of the "Broncho" breed, which may have figured in descriptive books of travel or natural history more often than we can just now recollect; but they are certainly a very fine variety of the equine species, reared in a country and climate most favourable to the development of the native powers of this noble animal; and their feats are most surprising, even compared with those with which we have long been familiar in the ring at more than one famous establishment, since Astley's original commencement a hundred years ago. The whole troop, without any riders, obeying the mere word of command, following the leadership of a mare named Piccaninni, who is humorously styled the sergeant, will go through a series of military evolutions, marching, wheeling, charging, retreating, and counter-marching, with as much precision as if they were ridden by regular cavalry soldiers in a barrack-yard. Piccaninni, too, is a clever and amusing sole performer, dancing, walking on her hind legs, and carrying a handkerchief in her mouth, with the most ladylike ease and grace; while Bravo and Bonito can open a box, take out some article, and close the box again, besides playing leapfrog with each other, or using a board, like two sportive boys, for the enjoyment of see-saw. It is pretty to see the whole company, six or eight of them, standing in a line close together, and passing a handkerchief from one to another by their mouths with the most charming gentleness and politeness of manner. Then we admire the docility of Kitty, as she jumps backwards and forwards over a gate, or distinguishes flags of different colours, known to her by name, like the most intelligent of trained dogs, or leaps courageously through a hoop covered with burning paper. Another horse, the martial Cupid, by a movement of his head fires a small cannon placed on his back, while in the act of leaping; and Flora, using her fore-feet like hands, trundles a barrel up and down an inclined plane. The most wonderful leaping horse is Nettle, who clears at a bound the backs of four others, besides a gate or fence six feet high. "What can be done with wild horses!" It is, indeed, worth while to go and see.

Mr. Shaw, chairman of the Commissioners of Sewers, stated at the meeting of the Common Council on the 5th inst. that the Metropolitan Railway do not intend to erect any ventilators in Cannon-street, but will utilise for the purpose the sites of some old houses which they have bought.

A letter from Sir Joseph Pease and Mr. Arthur Pease was read to the Darlington Town Council last week stating that their late brother, Mr. Edward Pease, having left £10,000 for the education of the poorer classes of Darlington, by means of a free library or scholarship, they, as executors, were prepared, subject to the adoption by the town of the Free Libraries Act, to erect a building for the library costing £5000, in addition to providing the site, and furnish the same.

## CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

R L H (Magdeburg).—We have a problem of yours without either solution or the conditions of mate. Please supply us with both.  
G E T (Clifton).—Your last contribution can be solved by 1. Kt to K 3rd.  
V L A (Liverpool).—Your problem can be solved by 1. B to K 5th (ch), K takes B; 2. Q to Q 7th (ch); and 3. P to K 4th, mate.  
A E M (Dorchester).—In No. 2037 if Black play 1. K to K 5th, the continuation is 2. Q to K 2nd (ch), &c.  
J S (Chertsey).—We cannot examine problems sent to us without the solutions. Suppose there is no solution?  
Problems received with thanks from W Biddle, W W (Kingston-on-Thames), and R H N B (amended version).  
G A (City Club).—Many thanks for the report. We are heartily pleased to note the success of the tourney.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2036 received from Rev. John Willis (Portland, U.S.A.), and D A Smith (Sydney, British Columbia); of No. 2038 from A. Lauder, Pierce Jones, F E Gibbons, George Price, and G Taplin (Tiffin, Caucasus); of No. 2039 from H G Gamble, Benjamin George, Pierce Jones, and Lavinia Grove; of No. 2040 from F W Dyer, E J Winter Wood, G E Corby, E L Hopkins, Schachclub (Wolfenbuttel), A. Lauder, O Hofstede de Groot, jun., H G Gamble, Woodman and Yenns, John Collins, J Harrison, Benjamin George, J R (Edinburgh), Pierce Jones, Lavinia Grove, and Joseph Holland.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2041 received from H B J Hall, L Sharwood, Ernest Sharwood, Dr F St. E Casella (Paris), Pharaoh, W Hillier, Otto Fulder (Ghent), A W Scrutton, Aaron Harper, M O'Halloran, R Gray, Shadforth, G Seymour, L Wyman, John Collins, H Lucas, Jupiter Junior, L Filcon (Antwerp), Ben Xeris, G W Law, E E H, T Waters, S Lowndes, A B Street, E L G, Macfarlane, and C S Wood.

NOTE.—What a falling off is there! Over a hundred correspondents have been too easily satisfied with the force of their proposed attacks, and have consequently overlooked the correct defences. For their information we note them here. Such trivialities as 1. B to Q 4th, the obvious answer to which is 1. P takes B (dis. ch); and 1. B to Q 5th (ch), to which Black has a good reply in 1. B takes B, may be dismissed at once. Of the other attacks, the most plausible is that springing from 1. B takes B on (White's) Q R sq, but Black has a good reply to that coup in 1. R to K Kt 7th. Should White continue with 2. P to K 4th, then follows 2. R to K 7th, and there is then no mate on the third move. If White play 1. B takes B on (White's) Q R sq, then 1. R takes Kt is a good answer, and if 1. P to K 4th, then 1. B to K 4th, 2. B takes B, 2. R takes P prevents the mate next move. The last line of play holds good also against 1. B to K 4th.

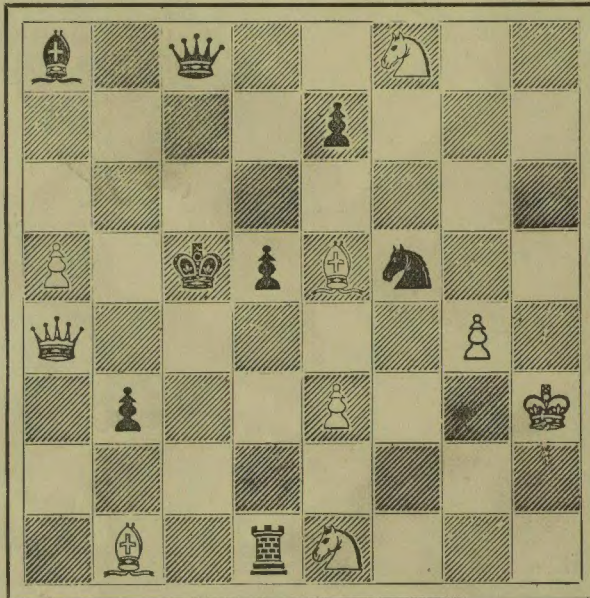
## SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEMS.

No. 2039.		No. 2040.	
WHITE.	BLACK.	WHITE.	BLACK.
1. Kt to Q 7th	Any move	1. Q to R 6th	Any move
2. Mates accordingly.		2. Mates accordingly.	

## PROBLEM No. 2043.

By JAMES A. RUSSELL (Baltimore, U.S.A.)

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in two moves.

A smart Skirmish between Mr. J. GUNSBURG and another Amateur. (Vienna Game.)

WHITE (Mr. G.)	BLACK (Mr. A.)	WHITE (Mr. G.)	BLACK (Mr. A.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	9. Q takes P (ch)	P to Q 3rd
2. Kt to Q B 3rd	B to B 4th	10. K to Kt 2nd	K to Kt 2nd
3. P to B 4th	P takes P	11. B to B 4th	B to B 3rd
3. P to Q 3rd leads to the Gambit declined, and it is much safer than accepting the Gambit with the adverse Q Kt already in the field.		12. Q to Kt 3rd (ch)	K to B sq
4. Kt to B 3rd	P to K Kt 4th	13. Q to Kt 6th	Q to K 2nd
5. P to Q 4th	B to K 2nd	14. B takes Kt	R takes B
6. P to K R 4th	P to Kt 5th	15. B takes P (ch)	R to Kt 2nd
7. Kt to K Kt 5th	P to K R 3rd	16. Kt to Q 5th	
8. Kt takes P	K takes Kt	The attack is now overwhelming.	
9. Q takes P		16. Q takes B	Q to B 2nd
The student may usefully compare this position with that arising in Mr. Thorold's variation of the Allgaier Gambit after White's ninth move.		17. Kt takes Q	Q takes Q
		18. Kt takes R	K to B 2nd
		19. B takes R	K takes B
		20. Kt to K 8th (ch)	
		and Black resigned.	

A third edition of the Rev. A. C. Pearson's collection of chess problems will shortly be issued from the press by the Civil Service Publishing Company, 8, Salisbury-court, Fleet-street. The new edition will include some problems lately composed, and the four-move problem (our No. 2031), which gained a double first prize in the *Chess Monthly* tourney. Mr. Pearson's compositions are distinguished by originality and graceful fancy, and no amateur should be without this little record of his work in the poetry of chess.

A return-match between the clubs of Dover and "Deal and Walmer" was played at Deal on the 3rd inst. There were five competitors on each side, and eleven games were finished, of which Deal and Walmer scored eight and Dover three.

The match between the Athenaeum and the Railway Clearing-House Clubs, played on the 31st ult., resulted in a victory for the first-named association. There were eleven players a side, and the score was—Athenaeum 8, Railway Clearing-House 6.

A chess club, with over thirty members already enrolled, was formally opened in Wigan on the 30th ult. The president of the club is Dr. White; honorary secretary, Mr. J. Lowne; committee: the Rev. Robert Bee (Curate of St. George's), and Messrs. Walsham, H. Marsden, J. Graham, Hains, and Crossley. A tournament to test the relative force of the members is now in progress, and already there is evidence of considerable vitality in the new association.

The Spring handicap at the City of London Chess Club, with seventy competitors engaged in it, is making good progress, more than one half of the games having been already played. In No. 1 section Mr. W. E. Vyse and Mr. E. Ridpath are leading, with Mr. Stevens and Mr. Stiebel close behind them. In No. 2 section Mr. J. H. Taylor, Mr. R. T. Innes, and Mr. S. Israel have each lost one game only. In No. 3 section Mr. W. Betts has the lead, but Mr. J. R. Hunnux and Mr. Ellerton are well placed also. The struggle in No. 4 section lies, at present, between Messrs. Cunningham, Watts, and Smith. Mr. Block, in No. 5 section, has a good lead, having won every game he has played. Mr. Klementaski leads in No. 6, and Mr. G. H. Rookes in No. 7.

The Australian of Melbourne reports that the tourney at Adelaide is on the eve of conclusion. Messrs. Macdonald and Funnell tied for first place, and have played two games—the first was drawn, and the second was scored by Mr. Macdonald. The winner has to score two won games, a "wise stipulation," writes Mr. Wisker, "seeing that under the system of half points for drawn games almost any player can succeed in making a draw, provided he set out with that express purpose." We believe this to be the case as regards the player who has the move, but do not think it applies to the defence.

Among the probable competitors in the approaching International tournament are M. Rosenthal from Paris, Messrs. Noa and Schwarz from Germany and Austria, and M. Tshigorin from St. Petersburg. The United States will be represented by Captain Mackenzie, Mr. Ware of Boston, and Mr. Sellman of Baltimore. The English contingent will include Messrs. Blackburne and Potter. It is rumoured that the delicate state of Dr. Zukertort's health will prevent him taking part in the contest, but we shall hope that, in this case, common report will prove to merit its common designation.

Great preparations are in progress for the game of chess with living pieces, to be played at the Albert Hall, South Kensington, in the course of next month. The parties will be directed by Mr. Blackburne, on the one side, and the Rev. G. A. Macdonnell on the other, and there is much speculation on the result in metropolitan chess circles.

## WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will of the late William Atkinson, Esq., of Southport, formerly of Ashton Hayes, Cheshire, was proved on March 29, at the principal registry, by Thomas S. Bazley, one of the executors, the amount being upwards of £235,000. He bequeaths to his widow, absolutely, his residence, Claremont, and all its contents, with the sum of £10,000; also an annuity of £5000. He leaves the following legacies, in trust, payable at the death of his widow:—£40,000 to the family of his late nephew, S. Daniel; £20,000 to his nephew S. Atkinson; £15,000 to his nephew W. Atkinson; £12,000 to his niece Mrs. A. Hill; £5000 to his niece Mrs. F. Greenwood; £25,000 to the children of his late great-niece Mrs. J. W. Hughes; £5000 to the daughter of his late great-niece Mrs. A. R. Lemprière; £4000 to the daughters of his late niece Mrs. A. Nicholson; to sundry charities a total of £18,000, free of duty; to various servants in his employment at his decease and previously, £3970 in all; to the Revs. Canon Clarke, Prebendary Cross, and Canon Stowell, £100 each; and the residue to his niece, Mrs. Bazley, to whom he confirms previous gifts of real estate. And he directs that specified annuities shall be paid during the life of his widow to certain of the legatees.

The will (dated Nov. 29, 1882) of Mr. William Field, formerly of No. 224, Oxford-street, and of Kingsbury House, The Hyde, Middlesex, but late of Fringilla, Linnet-lane, Sefton Park, Liverpool, who died on Feb. 27 last, at Bourne-mouth, was proved on the 12th ult. by Matthew John Harpley, William Blasson, and John James, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £79,000. The testator bequeaths legacies to relatives and others; and he empowers his executors to pay £1000 towards the building or endowment of any "Church of England" in the parish of Kingsbury; and £1000 towards a fund for the building or acquisition of suitable premises for the Royal College of Veterinary Surgeons of England, providing an equal sum is found by other persons from other sources within twelve months from his death. As to the residue of his property, real and personal, he leaves three sixths, upon trust, for his daughter, Mrs. Young; one sixth each, upon trust, for his granddaughter Ethel and his grandson Dudley, subject to £100 per annum being paid out of each of their shares to their mother, Mrs. Florence Field, during her widowhood; and one sixth, upon trust, for his grandson Arthur, subject to the payment thereof of £200 per annum to his mother, Mrs. Mary Field, during her widowhood.

The will (dated Dec. 1, 1882) of Mr. George Clement, late of Silverhill, near Hastings, who died on Dec. 7 last, was proved on the 5th ult. by Walter Cheesman and Charles Edward Beeching, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £58,000. The testator bequeaths legacies to his executors, and gives to his son, George Burry Clement, £1000 and his furniture, household effects, horses and carriages; he also settles upon him the Silverhill estate. The residue of his real and personal estate is to be held upon trust, first, to pay £1000 per annum to his said son, and an annuity to his wife, if she survive him, and then, subject to a trust for accumulation for twenty-one years, for the children, or issue of his said son.

The will (dated Feb. 6, 1882) of Mr. Stephen John Hatfield Harter, Lieutenant Royal Horse Guards, who died on Feb. 10 last, at the Hotel de Vesuve, Naples, was proved on the 7th ult. by James Francis Hatfield Harter, and Walter George Hatfield Harter, the brothers, the executors; the value of the personal estate amounting to over £42,000. The testator bequeaths £1000 to the Rector and Churchwardens of the parish of Cranfield, Bedfordshire, upon trust, to expend the income in donations to the poor, and other charitable purposes for the good of the said parish; and he makes some specific bequests to his said two brothers. The residue of his real and personal estate he gives to his four brothers, James Francis, Walter George, Arthur Rede, and Charles Beard. Should his death occur during the hunting season, the testator expresses his particular desire that his brother James should not consider it necessary to abstain from the chase, unless to follow him, if that be perfectly convenient.

The will (dated Dec. 1, 1882) of Mr. Henry Peter Delmé, late of Cams Hall, Fareham, Hants, who died on Jan. 29 last, was proved on the 1st ult. by Seymour Robert Delmé, the brother and sole executor, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £35,000. The testator gives, devises, and bequeaths all his estate and effects, both real and personal, to his said brother for his own absolute use and benefit.

The will (dated Nov. 19, 1875) of the Rev. Edward Bouverie Pusey, D.D., Canon of Christchurch and Regius Professor of Hebrew, Oxford, who died on Sept. 16 last, at Ascot Priory, Berks, was proved on the 17th ult. by Mrs. Mary Amelia Brine, the daughter, the value of the personal estate exceeding £16,000. The testator recites that, having made a provision for his daughter Mary on her marriage, he gives all his property to his son, Philip Edward. The son died in his lifetime, and a bachelor; the property, therefore, goes to the daughter, Mrs. Brine, as his only next-of-kin. He wills that his two books on the Theology of Germany should not be republished, nor any of his corrections of the English translations of the Hebrew Scriptures, or his notes thereon; "seeing that in maturer years I saw reason to withdraw many of the corrections I made when young."

The will (dated Oct. 31, 1879), with a codicil (dated July 5, 1881), of Mr. Frederick Childers, late of Belmont House, Southborough, Kent, who died on Jan. 31 last, has been proved by the Rev. John Farrar Wilkinson, and Henry Colebrooke, M.D., the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £16,000. The testator, after bequeathing a few legacies and annuities, leaves the residue of his personal estate to be divided between the York Blind Asylum, the Doncaster Deaf and Dumb Asylum; the Hospital for Consumption, Brompton; the Asylum for Idiots, Earlswood; the Royal Hospital for Incurables, Putney; and the British and Foreign Bible Society, for the distribution of Bibles among the natives of Madras.

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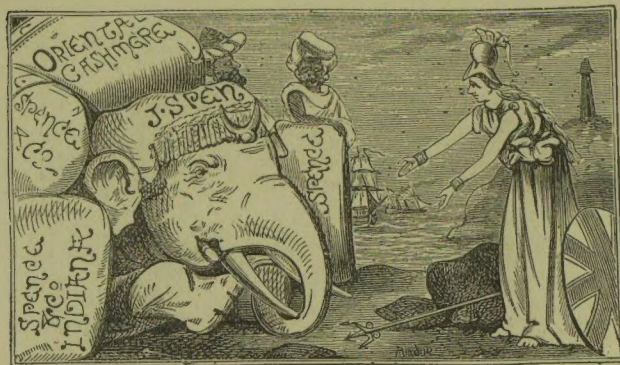
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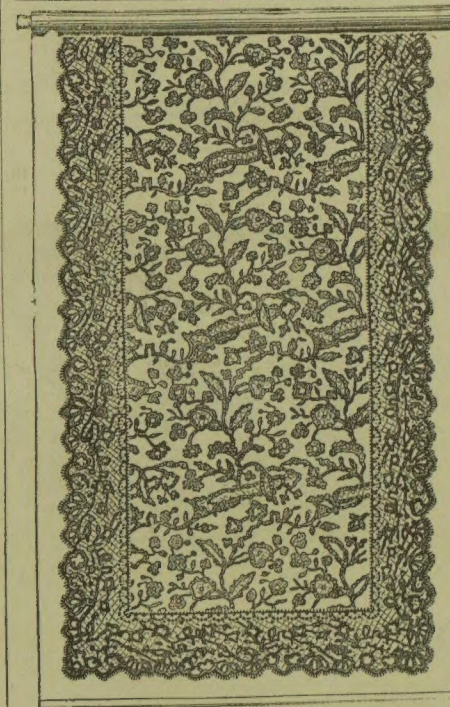
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